

HOURS  
OF  
REFLECTION;  
ON  
HORROR AND PLEASURE.

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## C A N A D A .

Just as he threw the glittering spear.  
From his gigantic hand,  
It set him free, and turned  
The destiny of Canada.  
Oh, they wept, when they saw  
That Canada was destined  
To be free.  
They wept like forsaken Angels  
In Heaven, and groaned like  
Devils in Hell.  
They thought that the British  
Lion was about to be drained ;  
Enough of the sacred blood !  
Oh, yet he supped the sacred blood,  
And when he spake like  
The great Jehovah, he made all  
Around him tremble. Oh !  
She may have the chance  
To weep again ; Canada will  
Be free. In some coming time  
Canada will be free. Oh, my God !  
When he gave his command to his  
Forces, all would at his word arise,  
And the lyre of Heaven would be touched  
To his honor. The golden rays of the sun  
Would be shed upon him ;  
By the great Jehovah's hand  
He is protected. Oh, this day I met  
With his noble science—

He sought for Freedom,  
The British lords were all against him,  
He wished to see his country free,  
He would willingly give his life to  
Obtain his country's freedom. He left  
His country, but in coming time  
He will return, with ten thousand  
Hosts obtain revenge. He swears by all  
That is sacred in Heaven, that Canada  
Shall be free—and English lords  
Shall no longer preside over that  
Virtuous land. Oh ! let Canada be  
Free ! What nation has suffered more,  
What nation ought to have her freedom  
More than this glorious province ?  
Did Greece by Rome suffer more,  
Or Africa pay greater Taxes ?  
Let the Gods of War and the Gods of  
Honor preside. And when the hellish  
Hounds of Britain come,  
Let the noble Patriot's thrust the  
Glittering spear turn their incorruptible  
Hearts. Oh, Oh ! for Heaven's sake  
If there is Justice in Heaven,  
Let the Almighty arm that presides  
Over the destinies of Nations  
Break asunder the chains  
That keep them in oppression ;  
Now if you have the honor,  
Most noble Warrior's, strike for  
Liberty. Will you die Slaves ?  
Or, will you die Freemen ?  
Or will you carry to your graves  
The honor, that you your sacred  
Blood for the freedom of Canada.  
Oh ! let it be told that you died  
And gave your life for the freedom of  
Your own glorious country.



## S C R A P S .

Medicus fallo  
Man needs to live  
Three lives to know  
How to live one.

He may think  
He is enjoying the  
Blessings of practice,  
Yet in the vaults of hell.

He may be as wise  
As Moses or Socrates, and  
Yet cannot see that  
Humans conciluan cado.

Tue segues, oh Deut  
As thou hast last  
Given thy command  
Repentance and salvation.

Nox nata ingruo  
Ac Alexander Darius frugo,  
Reason leads man  
From darkness to the God of light.

O let every man raise  
His voice to the honor  
And the praise of his God,  
When you die, die in your glory.

Deur sum juidix  
O, I tremble when  
I think to see so  
Many that are to appear at the bar.

Ago tre gratia, O !  
Dens ! that you have  
So long kept around  
Me the golden chain & protection:  
Nesta legent utor

Tuas judicium. I  
 Wish not to lead any  
 Man astray from truth.

The God of Reason  
 The Gods of Holiness  
 Constitute one God.

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## D E C E I T .

O the first time  
 That I with her  
 Met, many happy  
 Hours when together  
 In solitude spent,  
 When I first saw  
 The black sparkling  
 Eye, and the golden  
 Ringlet hair on  
 Her white marble neck,  
 As it was raised by Zephyrs,  
 As she stood in her fathers  
 Mansion—with hand wiping  
 From her eye and rosy cheek  
 'The rolling tear of affection,  
 I bid her adieu. And she spoke,  
 And her tears rushed again,  
 And she laid her head upon  
 His hand and gave a sigh.  
 I rejoiced much  
 When I with her first met,  
 But ten times more when I left her.  
 Although she resembles a Grecian  
 Goddess—as fair as an Italian maid,  
 And as virtuous as the Goddess of Rome.  
 I despise her not—although  
 She is treacherous and wise,  
 And ten thousand pounds

Would not obtain her real estate  
We have sported in the forest  
Hunt and the giddy dance,  
Thus she kindly offered her hand  
And smiled at first, and  
Spoke—and she spoke to me kindly  
We shall be happy, if we are wedded,  
By the powers of Heaven!  
And all that is virtuous on earth  
I had rather be free, than to be bound  
To such a treacherous dame as  
Thee. I have seen many happy  
In bands of felicity—but ten  
Times more in the deepest torrent  
Of Tartarius.

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## THE RIVAL.

One would think  
By your appearance you  
Were as great as Plotinus,  
A friend of Gallianus, but  
Your reasoning is so that  
Fools may see its faults and  
Teach you wisdom.  
You believe man is immortal,  
His soul existed before his birth,  
Do you call yourself a second Plato?  
I should think by your reasoning  
That you was taught in  
His School. You are so corrupt  
That you cannot find a resting  
Place within Hell, or within Heaven;  
You are barr'd from the sacred Heaven  
And despised by the devils in  
Tartarias. All the sacred gods  
Would dip the spears of war

In your blood to poison their foes,  
Once you might touch the lyre  
Of Heaven, and all around you  
Would have been silent,  
Great Gods would have done you honor,  
But you have fetched disgrace  
Upon yourself--disobeyed his laws  
And thus deprived yourself  
Of happiness, and all rejoiced when  
They saw you thrust from  
His throne, down the long road  
To hell ; and your groans  
As you were going, were more  
Amusing than the songs that  
You sent from your harp.  
You were too mean for  
The wolves to feast on your  
Blood and flesh. Let your eyes  
Be closed with plates of brass,  
And your voice never more heard,  
Only when it is expressing your  
Wretchedness, and let your fame  
Go down with your bones. The  
Goods of Justice will all sign  
The declaration, to never have  
You again appear upon this earth,  
For you have fetched more sin  
Than the law when it was sent.  
And if you have friends, let  
Them weep, because you were not  
Taken before, and let all those  
That hold to virtue stand, and defend  
The Gods of holiness, and keep  
This polluted man from the land.

## SOLITUDE.

O, Deliver me from  
Solitude—give me pleasure;  
It is worse for me to  
Stop with the noble day.

I have seen many, with  
Them drank the cup of  
Wine, and sported in the  
Giddy dance, and yet was wretched.

He this eve from his bed  
Arose, and to her door  
Went for a viceans intent—  
It was to take her life.

He from his breast pulled  
A glittering dagger, and  
Towards her advanced. He paused,  
He could not do the deed.

Be I a coward—then he  
Deeply drank from, and then  
He paused. Is it right for  
Me to take her innocent life.

He then advanced towards her  
Bed with his dagger raised,  
And looked on her rosy  
Cheek. O, I cannot take her life.

He drank again. O by the  
Sacred Gods I will do it,  
He throwed the glittering dagger  
To her heart—he heard the groan.

When she struggled  
He saw the blood  
From her heart flow,  
He fainted and fell before her,  
Because he thought she was

Treacherous, he took her life,  
He did not reflect that she  
Was not the cause of the treason.

I will swear that I will  
Never witness another dead,  
Nor sport with another dame—  
I have spent a fortune and my life.

It reminds me of Solomon  
His words I will not quote,  
For they are familiar to  
You, I say keep the laws of virtue.

If you have them hold  
Them, until you can  
Get three times their value,  
'Tis impossible to find a virtuous dame.

From Grece's sacred walls  
To Andrica I have roved,  
I have never found an honest  
Dame or Goddess in foreign land.

There are those that will  
To you by their appearance  
Make you think that they  
Are virtuous dames.

There are honest ones  
It has been my misfortune,  
Or good fortune never to find  
One, all things are for the best.

When he stepped, all beneath  
His feet shook, and when  
He spoke, and all the angels  
In Heaven trembled and wept.

His law was love, his  
Word fixed the destiny of Empires,  
His wrath would send ten

Thousand to hell for disobedience.

Although he died holy—died  
A ruler of the world—lover  
Of salvation—his declaration  
Would raise nations from the dead.

This is not the man,  
• Whom was ruined and arose  
In three days, and ascended to  
Heaven, he was inferior to him.

This day I saw her enter into  
The Cathedral Church, in Italy;  
She had the form of Minerva  
And Venus, according to the description.

She possessed eloquence  
And was much distinguished,  
She excelled all Goddesses in music,  
But her appearance was disgraceful.

She intended to marry  
Rich, but her father's misfortunes  
Turned her destiny.  
She wept hard at her misfortunes.

He would labor to obtain  
Means to keep her in the giddy dance,  
To sport with British lords and French Counts,  
It was impossible for her to obtain courtesy.

She wept, alas! Oh, why is it  
That I cannot have the courtesy  
Of English lords and French Counts,  
As well as those that are worth pounds.

I can sport and sing,  
And in the forest hunt, and giddy dance  
Converse with the Archangels of Heaven,  
And touch the Lyre of David.

As she spoke these words, she wept,

She spoke of her fame,  
And the different countries  
She had seen—they were Egypt and Italy.

But 'twas all in vain for her  
To quote this to the lords,  
You know not how to  
Please counts and lords.

If you have wealth, man  
Would despise the honorable sage  
You had rather ride your steeds  
Over the crumbling walls of Troy.

As long as you have not learned  
The first laws of nature,  
And have not respect  
For your God nor your fellow-man.

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### TRAGEDY.

*Priest.* Oh! Oh! holy, just, sacred and  
Divine, powerful and all-wise,  
The giver of every good and perfect gift,  
The cause of all things. Oh my  
Sacred God, my only true God,  
On Thee I rest, as I am  
Am here reviving, on the  
Holy Spirit, my only nourishment,  
My only guide, is the word of God.  
'Tis the only fountain, tis the only source  
That man can obtain everlasting salvation.  
Oh return ye fallen race,  
Why will ye fetch eternal damnation  
Upon your own heads, when  
You can by your own works  
Obtain salvation.

*Night.* Oh tell me what is the cause  
These sacred walls to fall,



Is it by a just and sacred God ?  
 That you have so long  
 Worshipped as a true Redeemer ;  
 Will he send devastation  
 And desolation, and make  
 All his followers slaves to  
 Infidels ? Now why can you  
 Call on the just and sacred God  
 When he builds up kingdoms  
 And Empires, and say  
 That he is the cause of all  
 Things. Do you charge him with  
 Infamy. You say he is just and  
 Sacred ; and yet the author of sin.  
 Oh ! you poor bigot behind me get,  
 You deserve not the name of a man  
 To slander your sacred God.

*Deist.* An quisquam suen ussus  
 Honro sui ut crucio,  
 But there are many  
 That know the cause  
 Of his existence ; there  
 Is not but one cause  
 That power made every  
 Thing exist. You say  
 Man is free to act ; when he was  
 Designed for some purpose  
 Do you think your philosophy  
 Is true--will it bear reasoning,  
 You must be insane  
 To think that such philosophy  
 Is true ; you take the power  
 From God when you say  
 That man is free. For he was created  
 By an overruling, all-wise, ever  
 Existing, made everything to act  
 As he designed it. As the worlds  
 That are unknown to man perform

Their revolutions harmoniously.  
 And man, who is the king  
 Of the land ; can visit  
 Different worlds, converse  
 With different nations  
 And take from the laboratory  
 Of Heaven ; the electricity  
 That will raise man from the dead.  
 All these things are carried on  
 By one power. That power  
 Is the God of all. If  
 Man was a self-creator  
 He would be free to act,  
 But now he is dictated  
 By a power that guides him  
 Harmoniously as he does  
 Jupiter around the sun.

*Priest.* Oh you vain wise and self  
 Conceited, wise in your own  
 Wisdom for there are more  
 Of the Church or State will  
 Agree with you ; deprive  
 Man of his liberty ? You say  
 That he is not free to act  
 Because he is not a self  
 Creator, Cannot that high  
 All-wise, powerful being create  
 A man free.

*Deist.* I say he cannot. If out  
 Of the power of God or man  
 To create anything free to act  
 As I have said before, it acts  
 As it was designed. It was  
 His intent. At the foundations of  
 'The world to make all things  
 Work consistent ; because you  
 Differ from me. You have  
 No right to call me an

Infidel. This pleases the  
 God of Nature, to see many  
 Deluded by one. This was so  
 Designed by him, that one  
 Man may be thousands ;  
 It is out of the power of you  
 To tell, what the spirit of  
 Your God is ; and yet you  
 Say that you are called  
 By him to preach his law,  
 But all the acts of man ;  
 His transgressions, the  
 Violations of the law, and all  
 The prayers that he utters  
 Will not turn his face,  
 It will not send him to Heaven  
 Nor keep him from Hell.

*Priest.* Do you think there is a Heaven ?

*Deist.* No ! I think there is no Heaven,  
 Only his grave ; that is eternal  
 Happiness. He never awakes  
 From his slumber ; His spirit  
 Never rises, to be wafted by  
 Earebut upon the liquid sulphur  
 Of Tartarius. He has no  
 Spirit to arise. He is born  
 Without a spirit, dies without  
 A spirit, and saved by the  
 Arm of his sacred God.

*Priest.* This God that you say  
 Is your just God,  
 That you say saved you  
 In the name of Heaven, and all  
 That is sacred—what was  
 That to be saved of you ?  
 You say that you have no  
 Spirit, and I declare by all  
 That man has a spirit—

A spirit of life and nothing more.  
 You must be a fool, like all  
 Other Deists, that endeavor to  
 Prove that man is not free,  
 And has not a soul for  
 Salvation. I would be one of  
 The most wretched beings in  
 God's Kingdom, if I did not  
 Believe that I had a soul  
 For salvation.

*Deist.* When I speak of the soul  
 I mean that part of man  
 Which you say is capable of  
 Salvation after death, and  
 I still hold to the doctrine,  
 It cannot be proved there is  
 Anything that exists after death  
 You may believe as strong as  
 You have a mind, because  
 You have been deluded, it does  
 Not prove that you have a  
 Soul to exist after death—  
 And from the foundations of the  
 Egyptian Empire to the  
 Formation of American Republic  
 Ten thousand fools, like thee,  
 Have been deceived— and  
 If you would ask them  
 The question reason that  
 They believed in the resurrection,  
 It would be conclusive as  
 Platos reasons of the sand,  
 It always did exist, and  
 Always will exist.

*Priest.* Non quam livi lid  
 Dens rego.

*Night.* Quiiscior sum homo  
 Cum dens simi lituders.

It is true we are told  
That man is found after  
The image of God—no  
Man ever saw God—he is,  
No one can define his attributes.  
I have seen many that have said  
They have conversed mouth to mouth  
As who says that he is an  
Insane man—deprived of  
All principles of morality,  
He only wishes to delude,  
Lead man from the path  
Of truth.

*Dame.* Come with me—step upon the  
Dick of this golden slip,  
Let us be wafted by the  
Gentle breeze o'er the sacred  
Waters—as they roll gently  
Beneath her golden breast;  
I have the best harps, the  
Most splendid lyre, those  
With me that can send  
Forth the songs that would amuse  
The Goddesses, the Angels of Heaven,  
And fetch a smile upon the  
Great Jehovah's countenance,  
The best wine that ever from  
Italy sent. Oh! come with  
Me and drink deeply, come  
Now and take your pleasure,  
Wash from you the holy waters,  
That on you have sent  
By those bigots, that you have  
So long had their company  
On you forced. It would be  
Like going from the vaults of  
Hell on the golden path to  
Paradise. Oh! why, why can

You stay with those corrupted  
Devils, which wish to sup at  
Your sacred blood. For Heaven's  
Sake come and drink with me  
And ride upon the gold sacred  
Waters.

*Night.* Oh my sacred Goddess  
It is almost out of my power  
To resist your kind and  
Benevolent offer. You have  
Offered me all that is in the  
Power of any one to offer  
It is next to the blessings of Heaven,  
And many things you have  
Offered that the great Jehovah  
Himself would not give, although  
He made wine for man to drink.  
Oh, I must say to thee my  
Beloved Melissa, I cannot go,  
If I should leave these hellish  
Subjects it would be like going  
Where a new swarm could on  
Me light, and sup the last drop  
Of blood from my heart.  
They are full and I am happier  
Than if I should leave them.

*Dame.* You seemed to be frightened  
Thinking that I should carry  
You where you would find a  
New swarm of Devils. I'll  
Swear by all that is sacred  
In Heaven, the God of Justice  
Shall protect you, if I do not,  
It is out of my latitude to  
Sail where I cannot breathe  
The holy air, and I never will  
Carry you into the vaults where  
You will be in worse torment,

For you are in the deepest of  
'Torment. Oh! why can you  
Refuse to go with me, and  
Obtain holiness, come and drink  
From this golden cup the  
Sacred wine and saving ordinance.

*Night.* It is vain for me to resist  
Then at this time; I will  
Drink, and upon your golden  
Ship ride o'er the sacred water  
As it gently rolls beneath her  
Golden breast. I have heard  
Mad Poets say, all Goddesses  
Are treacherous. If the last  
Drop of my blood was in  
This cup, it would be to thee  
That I would swear, and  
Drink that are the honest  
One that I have found.  
I would as soon place  
Myself in the position of you,  
As quick as I would in the  
Hands of some great Deity. You  
Have raised me from the  
Vaults of 'Tartareons, pulled  
From my heart the glittering  
Spear, gave me wine to  
Drink when I had nothing but  
Singed sulphur to quench my  
Thirst.

*Priest.* I am not given to reason,  
We are told by the word of  
God to keep his law. This is  
Man's guide to him from Heaven  
Was sent, and handed to us down  
By Moses. We are told not  
To contend with Infidels,  
And fear that we may throw

Pearls before swine. If you  
Will arise and say that God's  
Law is not the guide for man.  
He has not the power nor knowledge  
To make laws for you to live  
By, then let the Deists, Nights  
And Atheists—from the  
Assembly and make laws  
For the Gods to live by.

*Deist.* We have never said that  
God was inferior to man,  
Was not capable to make  
Laws to rule the land—  
But you are the one that  
Takes from him his power  
And will not give him the  
Honor of presiding over his own  
Subjects.

*Priest.* You say all things come by chance  
There is no God excepting the  
God of Nature. He has not the  
Power to raise kingdoms,  
Empires, Thrones and Dominions,  
If by the power of God and  
God alone, that raises them  
And thus is the God of Nature.

*Deist.* True I said there is but one  
God and that God is the  
God of Nature, and there is no  
Other God. And man  
Without his aid cannot  
Do the least thing,  
Or bring anything into  
Existence without the agency  
Of this Almighty power,  
It would have been in vain  
For man to raise the towering  
Walls of Egypt or Rome,



Or confounded the tongues of  
Nations, and yet you say that  
Man is free.

*Priest.* What is the reason of your  
Doctrine—all the acts of  
Man before you every day  
Prove that man is free.  
Reflect for a moment, and you  
Can see—look yonder, on  
That rugged cliff. See those  
Two stout hearted Spaniards,  
See them striving for each others  
Life. He has thrown his glittering  
Spear to his heart—he has fallen.  
Will not that act alone  
Convince you that man is  
Free. And yet you say that  
It is God presides. Oh!  
How can you place upon him  
This Infamy! You blend upon  
Him good and evil—and say from  
One fountain both spring.  
How can you say from a  
Fountain of holiness, the  
Corrupted spirits of Tartarous  
Spring.

*Deist.* Are you so blind, your mind  
So small, that you cannot  
Follow the golden charm of  
Reason. I say the spirit  
Done all these works. Every thing  
Works to please him—and you  
Have no right to say what is  
Sin or what is not. It may  
Please him to see nations  
Against nations, and ten thousand  
Of his noblest subjects bleeding,  
And yet may be pleasure to him—

And yet, you say it is a sin  
If this was not the will of God  
Why would it be done. For he  
Has formed the spear and placed it  
In his hand, to shed the blood  
Of his sacred son—and left the  
Jews yet in their sins, and  
By his hand has driven them  
O'er the world. Oh! you poor  
Fool behind the Gate, if you  
Can't read better than you  
Have yet.

*Night.* I have returned, I have seen  
The towering halls of China,  
The ruined temples of Greece and Rome,  
And the place where our beloved  
Saviour gave his life. I must  
Say that there is a God that  
Presides over the destinies of man  
After I have seen this desolate  
Land—and after reading the  
Prophesies of Saints—the Christian  
Has the best guide. I have for  
Many days been driven by the  
Tempests upon the main like,  
And iron which has no point  
To sail left in the dark shades  
Of devastation, and stood upon  
The verge of hopeless despair,  
I can no longer withhold the  
Invitations of salvation.

*Deist.* By what one have you been  
So deluded—before that  
Goddess went, you had a  
Consistent mind, but by some  
Power, whether 'twas by that  
Goddess or by some bigoted  
Priest—you have been turned

From your true doctrine,  
The last night that we  
Together drank, you to me  
Declared, that those believers  
In the resurrection, were insane.

*Night.* I thought that I was wise,  
And I could reason and  
Confound the angels of Heaven  
But I have drank and drank  
Deeply of the fountain of knowledge,  
And found from my sacred God  
And obtained salvation. That  
God of reason whom I have  
So long held to—is not the  
One for my guide. You with  
Me drank to him, as we would  
To Bacchus, but I beseech thee,  
Oh! friend! In the name of  
Heaven, and the Goddess of truth  
To come with me. As long  
As you have been wandering  
And drank to every fountain  
Of knowledge, how is it possible  
That you have not found the  
Gods of Salvation.

*Deist.* I have found him and would not  
Sacrifice my gods for ten  
Thousand fictitious ones like  
Yours. He never has advanced  
To you the knowledge that can  
Tell the causes and effects. Faith  
Is all you have, and faith is what  
Saves you from damnation,  
And despise the God of Reason.

*Priest.* Oh! how can you speak thus  
Against one that has turned  
To God—we must take the  
Sacred writ, before reason,

For that is not the guide for  
 Man, for every one reasons for  
 Himself, they think they reason  
 Correct and yet is false, and this  
 Makes the different doctrines  
 And each sect think the other  
 False. That we must turn  
 To the standard, as the  
 Counsellor does to his books,  
 For if each one was allowed  
 To establish a law for himself  
 There would be no need of counsel  
 No need of one to preach the  
 Word of God—the Atheist, the  
 Deist, and the midnight Assassin  
 Would declare that they were  
 Doing right—but you know  
 According to the God you  
 Hold to, we must have a  
 Guide that is given by some  
 Higher power than man.

*Deist.* It is true we must have,  
 But you seem to class me  
 With the Atheist. I will  
 Pardon you on this point, for  
 You know not the difference.  
 Their doctrine is more inconsistent  
 Than yours. I wish to have you  
 Tell me before we part, what  
 The spirit is that lives not to die.

*Priest.* I cannot define, but I believe  
 And have faith that man is a  
 Spirit of sensation after life  
 And I would sacrifice my own  
 Life before I would give up  
 This belief. For that God  
 The true God is my hope,  
 Nou fra lasiadmon

*Night.*

Prossom relectus serilo.  
I should you would not  
Write, if you had no more  
Than you have used  
You are deprived of all  
Common sense. You have  
Here approved, advanced your  
Doctrines, and argued faith  
Against Reason. You have  
Failed in every point, and  
Fetched disgrace upon  
Yourself and upon your sect,  
I wish not to sustain your  
Deistical doctrines, nor I will  
Not go with thee, but he has  
More reason, as I have  
Said before to confound the  
Angels of Heaven, but you  
Are deluded by the prophecies  
Of Daniel and believe that man  
Can ascend to Heaven.  
Yet I do not hold to the  
Same God that he does,  
Nor to your God. I have  
A God of my own, and that  
Is the God of Truth.  
But I believe that man  
Is saved, but it is impossible  
For one to ascend to Heaven,  
But he is saved in the grave  
Of Eternal sleep. But I  
Will pardon thee on this  
Point if you will declare  
That you wish the Deist  
Will never more enter  
For they can confound the  
Wisest of thine that ever spoke  
For they have the God of Reason

To contend divine against the  
God of Faith.

*Dame.* Come let us go to the forest  
Chase and leave those halls of  
Solitude and desolation, leave  
This superstitious sect of this  
Land—I had rather listen to  
The howlings of the wolves, the  
Shrieks and groans of the  
Dying soldier, than to listen  
To the inconsistent doctrines of  
That old divine. Come with  
Me my noble Night; this night  
We will spend in songs  
And the giddy dance, and  
Drink the sacred wine from  
The golden cup.

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## A TRAGEDY.

*Charles of York.* He mounted his  
Steed, he sprang with all  
His might, and said, come ye  
Sportsmen boys to the battle ground,  
His foes on him rushed—spring  
Ye noble warriors with all your  
Might—Give no quarters unto the  
Rebels! They have sought for my  
Life, and I will give no quarters  
Without a cause. They are thirsting  
For my blood. Once I had  
Done them a kindness, and I supposed  
That they were my friends,  
I would sacrifice my life in  
The battle-field—but now I will  
Do all that is in my power,  
And pray for the assistance  
Of the Gods of War. Your

Life, your honor, are all  
Dependent upon this battle,  
If you succeed in this cause  
Your name is forever inscribed  
Upon the books of Fame  
And remembrance, and by all that  
Is in Heaven, Oh ! my noble  
Warriors, if we do not succeed  
In this battle against these  
Hellish foes, we are forever  
Placed in obscurity,  
Despised, forsaken, and called  
Traitors to our country,  
Oh ! I all beseech thee in  
The name of Heaven, the Gods  
Of honor and fear liberty !  
Will you die with this disgrace,  
Go down to your grave with that  
Name inscribed upon your  
Forehead, a Traitor to your  
Country. He paused for a  
Moment—all was silent,  
He gave a command, our  
Foes are coming, we must  
Fight for our lives. Oh ! we must  
Fight ! They to battle entered,  
The sounding of the spears, as  
Loud as the distant thunders of  
Heaven, as they clashed. The  
Fire from them illuminated  
All around, as if electricity  
From Heaven was sent.  
The battle was long, but  
Charles had to fall ; his arm  
Was too weak to wield his  
Sceptre against his foes.  
They on him rushed, and  
From his breast plucked his

Noble heart, and upon his  
Glittering spear carried it,  
And sung the songs of joy,  
That they this rebel had conquered.  
But all those that were saved  
Of Charles' army wept and sighed,  
And said, I would have willingly  
Have given my life to save my  
Leader. I had rather die  
Than to return to my native  
Land with the corpse of  
Charles.

*Peter of Lancaster.* Weep not you noble soldiers!  
You fought with all your power,  
You fought like brave soldiers.  
If Charles were living now,  
He would not condemn you,  
His spirit will meet you in  
Heaven, and there will give  
Honor; and when your  
Countrymen learn of this battle  
They will not despise you.

*Peter the Great.* Art thou so mean—I  
Thought you were my friends,  
You have taken my brother's heart  
From his thoris—you have proved  
Treacherous. You declared by all  
That is sacred, that you as  
A nation did hold his  
Works to be sacred, because  
His arm was weak and true  
To his country. You wish to  
Dethrone him, but may the  
Gods of justice do justice to you.

*Charles.* I appear before you once more,  
You have taken from me  
Nothing more than my heart,  
My spirit yet exists. You



Cannot do me harm,  
 And I will return on thee  
 With ten thousand hosts,  
 Like the voice speaking from  
 Heaven, and give them command,  
 And you may strive—and strive  
 With all your powers, but it  
 Will be in vain to reach me:  
 When I over you preside,  
 And by the consent of Heaven,  
 I will disperse your land,  
 You called me a coward, when  
 I was your counsellor—but now  
 I will make thee tremble,  
 Groan and fall before me, and  
 Weep—because it was not right.  
 I refused your wishes,  
 You had to call me a traitor.

*Garlqus.* I say you have not courage,  
 You fought like cowards,  
 Obliged not to save your  
 Country, nor keep your  
 Independence, only like  
 All other cowards, fought to  
 Save your lives. If your  
 Spirit has appeared, and  
 You have boasted of your  
 Fame and power, and declared it  
 Is sanctioned by the Gods of  
 Heaven that you spread desolation  
 O'er the land.

*Vascount Enters.* Oh! stop my noble lords,  
 Do not spend your time  
 Conversing with a coward—  
 Although he says that he  
 Enacted good laws—had  
 Good intent—but his actions  
 Prove that he is using his

Greatest endeavors to become  
King of the land. I considered  
Him a man, when I first  
In council saw him. I  
Supposed that he was true to  
His country—but since I  
Saw his last administration  
I would as soon thrust a  
Dagger to my heart, as to  
Live under him—for I had  
Rather die by my own cause,  
Than to have a scoundrel  
Take my innocent blood.  
For it is more honor to man  
To die a freeman, than to die  
A slave, and have to take his  
Own life. Oh! he is gone,  
No more will that polluted  
Flesh, or corrupted spirit, bring  
Pestilence into this sacred and  
Glorious country.

*Martha.* Oh! how can you speak thus of  
My friend and lover, as he is. You  
Once loved, and now his greatest  
Foe, how can it be possible—  
The strongest nerves affection  
That ever between two existed.  
I thought they existed between  
You I should—the angels  
Of Heaven had been turned  
Out, and paradise converted  
Into a Hell, as soon as  
To think that the ties would  
Have been broken between you two.

*Nancianus.* Is he your lover? I had  
Rather love the heathen than  
Such a coward.

*Martha.* He is not a coward—look

At the history of his battles,  
 He suffered to have his heart  
 Taken from its theoris. See  
 The manner that he spoke  
 To his noble soldiers. With  
 The greatest eloquence, he used  
 The most exertion to urge  
 Them on to battle.

*Nancianus.* He is a coward! It is  
 Sanctioned by the Gods of War.  
 I saw him run to the forest,  
 He left his armour to save  
 His own life—when he needed  
 His assistance.

*Martha.* He did not wish to contend  
 With the Barbarian, who is devoid  
 Of all principles of honor  
 In state or in war. He would  
 As soon sacrifice the life  
 Of his dearest friend to  
 Carry out his design—as he  
 Would to do him a kindness,  
 Oh, why can you blame him  
 For not wishing to contend  
 Against such a Heathen.

*Belgamus enter.* You have been speaking of  
 Honor—what do you know,  
 If you had lived in the time  
 Of the Spartans, or seen the Greeks  
 Besiege Troy, and seen how  
 The Romans fought, how  
 Willingly the Americans flew,  
 Their blood for liberty, then  
 You might know what  
 One would sacrifice for  
 Honor, you may flatter  
 Yourself that you were as  
 Brave as some of the Gre~~eks~~

Goddesses, or the Spartan dames  
You would faint to see the  
Glittering spear thrust to the  
Heart of your dearest friend  
And much less you dare  
Not enter into the battle field,  
And yet you have insulted  
Martha because she loved  
Charles the Great. Before you  
Try to defend others, examine  
And see if you are perfect.

*Peter.* What cause have you  
To insult this dame.  
She has not tried to  
Injure you, she has never  
Tried to dishonor you  
In war. Oh! you have  
Made her weak, for you  
Have forced yourself into her  
Company, degraded her,  
You have sent to her more  
Than a Barbarian would  
To his oppressive foe. From  
This hall flee! Or I will thrust  
A spear to your heart,  
And never let me hear  
You ever speak that to a  
Goddess of honor.

*Cad.* I am not the man, but I  
Can teach you your letters  
And honor.

*Peter.* Why do you not  
Show it in your conversation  
You know nothing of literature,  
And yet you have the audacity  
To tell me that you can  
Teach me my letters and honor.

*Cad.* I assert again I can do it,

I have taught the wisest in  
Rome, and you are only wise  
In your own conceit. Thus  
You spoke light of one in  
A slandering tone, ask  
Me if I was not the man  
That introduced letters into  
Greece. You did it to insult  
Me; by the powers above, if  
Those words from your lips  
Ever fall again. I'll have  
Your carcass upon the Anutounist's  
Table for dissection, and let  
Them see what a corrupted  
Heart that is enclosed within  
Such vile apparel.

*Edward.* What do you think of  
Isaih.

*Peter.* I think he is a great writer  
But given to licentiousness.

*Edward.* Don't charge him with that  
Infamy. One of the greatest  
Writers—the Great Jehovah  
Ever employed—you have the  
Audacity to say that one of  
Gods holy children, is  
Led away to licentiousness.

*Peter of Athens.* Do you think that is charging  
With Infamy? The best part  
That ever wrote, was given  
To Licentiousness and his cups,  
And why if this is sanctioned  
By the Gods, why can you  
Charge him with doing wrong  
When we are commanded to  
Replenish the land, and yet one  
Of the great writers tell us  
It is better to live as I live,

But we know not because he never  
Married, but did as Solomon did.

*Mathias enter.* I think he was a good and  
Virtuous man, but still we must take  
Into consideration the time  
That they lived. They honored  
The Gods of Wine, and what  
We think is licentious, they  
Think is virtuous.

*Peter.* I ask your pardon if I have  
Offended you. I did not think  
You belonged to the same class,  
But now it gives me impression  
That you like your cups and dames,  
As he who kept five  
Hundred concubines.

*Mathias.* What under you—do you intend  
To make me mad. I did not  
Come this eve to fight with  
You, or contend for the  
Honor of ancient sages.  
They acted as they thought  
Was consistent and you say  
That I am given to licentiousness—  
Retract those words or I never  
Can see you as my friend.

*Peter.* Let me drink, lay all these  
Hard feelings aside, let us  
Go to the theatre, and when  
We return, dance till three  
O'clock in the morn, and drink  
This sacred wine. Oh! I am  
Your friend, I did not intend  
To hurt your feelings.

*Elvad.* The rays of the glittering moon at  
Midnight lighted her path  
Through her father's palace;  
Next I saw her with her lover,

He from her rosy lips took  
The parting kiss, and bid her  
Adieu, and lovely Melissa wept.

*Peter from Varuna.* It is our only design to  
Live for each other's happiness. It  
Is our duty to sacrifice our  
Own interest often times to  
The interest of our fellow-beings.

*Jared.* Oh! why can you say this. Is  
Man to sacrifice his happiness  
Because one other man disobeys  
His laws, is he to give up  
All that he has, when he  
Sees his friend in trouble.  
This is against the laws of  
Nature, and the God of Nature,  
When you advocate this  
Doctrine, I know that he will  
Not think it true.

*Peter.* This makes you tremble, when  
I tell you the sacred truth.

*Jared.* We know by experience and every  
Day's observation, that it is the  
Law of nature. If it was not  
It would never be sanctioned.

*Martha.* Oh do not make so light  
Of this guilt, oh it is a  
Sacred question, and the  
Gods of redemption.

*Lord Saltus.* I think that is not wrong  
For man is given to lust,  
For it is so decreed by all  
Above, that the laws that  
Dictate man, do not keep  
Him from licentiousness,  
For I have been in the Church  
These ten years.

*Bishop.* This is not the place for you

To display eloquence, even if  
You had it, but I am sure  
That you have not—and you  
Are a fool to appear in  
The pulpit, before this  
Literary audience.

*Edward.* You are talking of eloquence and  
Why not of war. It is time for  
You to prepare your country  
This night is invaded.

*Galleanus.* I am an opposer of war. I wish  
To speak of that which does not  
Meet my desire, but is necessary  
For the nation is invaded, to use  
The greatest exertions to defend it.

*Edward.* I see that you are a coward,  
I placed confidence in you,  
But you have left me.  
By that was the cause of my  
Death, this night must I fall.

*Narcianus.* Must you fall this night.  
Because the coward left?

*Edward.* When a man insists you  
Have confidence.

*Narcianus.* He did it to obtain a favor,  
Not of a good intent.

*Bacarius.* Come with me, I will  
Relieve Edward, and fetch  
Him from the enemy;  
And may the Goddesses  
Sing, as they on the rugged  
Clefts stand—and may the  
Tempest and the waves obey  
His command—as the  
Lofty Pine buds to the  
Tempest, may his foe bow  
To him and ask pardon.  
And may he drink from  
The fountains, and if he need



For assis'tance, let the rolling  
Spirits rise in the battle field.

*Naucianus.* Oh ! this is not too much for  
You to do. O noble Bacarius,  
I will add to what you  
Said, when his bones are  
Mouldering, may the noble  
Spirit arise and proclaim  
His fame.

*Rice.* You belong to a noble sect ;  
You say that you belong to  
The Baptists, and think that you  
Are the holiest of all Christians.  
And yet your sect is raised  
By those who are the most corrupt  
Of any Christian sect.

*Martha.* He is a man, why do you  
Speak thus of him.

*Rice.* He is not a man. I saw  
Him steal a quarter from the  
Eyes of a corpse, and yet you  
Call him a Christian.

*Martin.* This is no harm, for it is his  
Father. He wished to keep the  
Estate in his own hands.

*Du'ap.* Why have you tried to defame  
This man. He is the first in the  
Church. You did not speak  
Of the time he was imprisoned.

*Rice.* This makes me tremble ; I think  
I have more conscience now than  
I ever had before. That a man  
Of the church would steal, and  
Take the money that closed his  
Father's eyes. Oh ! for heaven's  
Sake thrust this scoundrel to  
The lower regions, and let him  
Sup for ever on the liquid sulphur.

*Lorenzo.* This is too hard ; he has repented  
Three times. Let him go if he  
Will take his oath to never steal  
Again.

*Duke.* I have received enough of your insults ;  
It makes my blood curdle.  
If you were a man of fame,  
I would through your heart  
Thrust this glittering dagger.

*Cad.* I saw the Duke enraged :  
The dagger in his hand roved.  
As I turned to speak to my  
Friend I heard a groan, and  
I turned to leave, and saw his  
Foe bleeding upon the ground.  
No question was asked ; he mounted  
His fiery steed, and to forest went.

*Brothelus.* I saw the Duke three years from  
That time in Paris ; yet he was  
Not happy, and I could not see  
That he was miserable, for he  
Enjoyed himself with the Count,  
And three times a day with  
Strangers. Oh ! what a looking  
Eye ; it looked horrible ;  
It looked like fire.  
I gave him my hand,  
We parted, but he could  
Not speak.

*Alburton.* Oh ! must I say it, my friend,  
This day I leave you for  
A foreign clime, and I wish  
That you could with me.  
Go and leave those behind—  
But here are my words,  
Farewell, my lord Alburton.

*Vascount.* He this day in prison placed  
For speaking of his rights and of

His own country, and show to the  
Lords how his nation had  
Been used, and he made this  
Wish in the halls of legislation,  
That Ireland might be  
Free. They seized him  
And placed him in bondage  
For this. He rested confin'd  
In chains until his friends  
Made England tremble, and  
They threw the doors open,  
And when he came to the  
Bar to speak, he found none  
That dare oppose him. When  
He spoke, all before him  
Trembled ; the beasts of the woods,  
Where the noble lion to them  
Roars, all was silent as  
If the lyre of heaven had been  
Touched. O ! may he who  
Presides over empires, give  
Consent that this mighty  
Arm rise the sceptre and  
Make Britain bow as she  
Has made nations bow to her.  
What would be more amusing  
Than to hear her with cannons  
Going down to the pit.  
But if we render evil for  
Evil, it is nothing more  
Than what she deserves.  
Oh ! let her fall ; she shall  
Fall, there is nothing that can  
Save her. You can see it  
Inscribed upon the golden  
Heavens. " England shall fall "  
She by her own works has  
Fetched the fire upon herself

And such weight will finish her.  
 Not as soon as Ninevah  
 When Jonah made the declaration.

*Albur'on.* What is the cause of England  
 Committing that injustice  
 Upon China. She had no  
 Cause, she had no honor.  
 She never has shown honor  
 Nor respect to nations. She  
 Would never give quarter  
 Only when she was forced to.

*Vascount.* See how the Romans used the  
 Greeks; how insulting the Roman  
 Counsellor spoke to them,  
 'Then turn to noble Britain,  
 She is perfect to what Rome  
 Was.

*Rechint.* Virtuous, fair and noble form,  
 Her eyes as brilliant as Mars,  
 She moves with the dignity of  
 Grecian goddess, and yet she is  
 A British dame. I cannot  
 Bear to hear you speak thus  
 Of England. The ties of love  
 Are as strong as Cleopatra's  
 Was for Mark Anthony;  
 She would give her life  
 Before she would see her  
 Friend massacred. O never let  
 Me ever more hear you speak;  
 Thus of Britain.

*Vascount.* I did not intend to say  
 Any thing but what is true,  
 And I can prove it. I  
 Will declare that I will  
 Not retract one word.

*Pickins.* Do you intend to insult me,  
 So superior to thee. And as

You have taken the dignity  
To talk to lords, and I the  
Least of them all, if you  
Commence conversation again  
I will lay thee lifeless.

Here you coward, inferior as you  
Are, beneath notice of a slave.

*Vascount.* A lord. How did you come  
By this name. You know not  
Your letters; cannot write  
Your name. And yet you  
Call yourself a lord; a  
Nobleman from England!  
You poor fool! Go to your  
Glorious country and live under  
The lion, and never again come  
To America to boast of your  
Order. Go with the disgrace  
Upon yourself, as your  
Countrymen did when they  
Last fought and tried their  
Bravery.

*Pickins.* She had respect for your country.  
She might this day had you  
In bondage. She has protected  
You. Without her assistance  
You could never have been.  
And this is sanctioned by  
All that is sacred and declared  
By all, that Britain alone  
Gave birth to this noble Republic.  
It is signed and sealed by him  
Who presides over your country.

## THE COUNSELLOR.

O thou art a sage ; into the  
Courts you do appear with great  
Dignity, and arise before the  
Jury to proclaim your eloquence.  
And yet you are despised by  
Every one ; so mean, so inferior,  
That you do not deserve the name  
Of counsellor. I said that  
You were a sage ; considered so  
Only by yourself. When you  
Abroad do go, you would assume  
A dignity of some British lord.  
Last night I saw you walk through  
The classic halls, and the day  
When all around you was  
Silent, listening to the eloquence  
Of the orators of the day, you  
Hail to arise amongst the  
Multitude in order to obtain  
Notice ; you were at home,  
There was no more notice  
Taken of you than of a slave,  
And you bore the name of  
Stealing swine, and yet you boast  
Of being the noblest son of  
Mount Vernon. You are so  
High in your own estimation  
That you can ascribe your  
Name on the sacred concave  
Heaven, and touch the sacred lyre  
And counsel with the gods.  
If this was true, what would  
Not God's noblest works say  
For counselling with such a man.  
But he in never counsel fell,

You would make the gods blush  
And hide their faces upon the  
Several altars to such a being  
Appear before them. He from the  
Sacred fountain sprung, but by  
Some cause he in the holy  
Water was tinctured by some  
Corruptible essence. But he is  
Nourished so long it is necessary  
To take every drop of blood  
And cleanse his heart, and from the  
Living spring of holiness give  
To him a new birth. He was  
The first of the church, and three  
Times a week he with the priest  
Had quarrelled, and on one Sabbath  
Morn he plucked the right eye  
From his bishop, because it  
Offended him and not the bishop ;  
And thus he misconstrued the  
Holy Writ. The Deacons to  
Him went, and asked him the cause  
Of this assault, if thine eye  
Offend, pluck it out. You  
Have quoted this wrong, it is  
“ *Thee.*” If that is the case, I  
Will return the eye to this  
Bishop again. I drink wine  
Every Sabbath morn, and eat  
Of bread : and know why I  
Keep his commands, then  
I am sure that I shall  
Live and see heaven.  
O listen to this insane man,  
He pollutes the holy church of  
God, and yet is sure of eternal  
Salvation, and he says that he  
Holds counsel with him, and

Present an account, and if it is  
Questioned, and they will not receive  
Him in, I have a kingdom of  
My own and lord it myself.  
The streets are paved with gold,  
And the sacred fountain as  
Of Paradise, and those who come  
To me I will not do like  
Other lords, send them away  
To Tartarus.

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### THE COQUET.

She was courted  
By a young count, a  
Sage by name, but  
Not by letters and books:

He practised law, she  
Thought he was a  
Man of fame. She after  
His hand did seek.

But it was in vain for her  
To obtain it at that time,  
Because he courted a  
Fairy dame of England.

He then left this one  
On some unknown cause,  
And then he on *this one* did call  
And offered her his guilty hand.

She then would not accept  
His hand, for lord Thompson,  
The wealthy one of Paris,  
Her company kept anon.

He then could not return  
Unto former one,



He was too proud  
To bow to any.

Lord Thompson her company  
Kept until he found  
The faults of his treacherous  
Goddess, he left her in sadness.

Then she wrote a letter to this  
Young counsellor, if you now  
Will accept my hand  
I will to thee prove true.

O no, by the gods of Italy, †  
And long as angels sing,  
And Erebus wafts the blast of  
Tartarius, I'll ne'er accept.

I would once deprive  
Myself of comfort  
In order to gain your hand,  
But now I never will.

May the blessings of heaven  
Fall upon you, as the gentle  
Dews upon the meadow, or the  
Rays of a summer sun.

O when she received my words  
She wept, she sighed ; I have  
Brought this fate upon myself, she cried,  
I had rather die than live.

O my sacred guardian,  
If it had not been  
For Theogonus,  
I this day were happy.

But he proved treacherous ;  
Although I said I brought  
The fate upon myse'f,  
I ought not to trust his word.

Gallenus and Aristotle, Theophrastus  
Ought to be revered  
To all coming time,  
And all their faults forgotten.

If their doctrines were  
Not all true, if  
Not all proven so to us,  
We must make allowance  
For the time they wrote.  
They were sincere in their doctrines,  
As much as Plato was in his,  
When he wrote of the soul of man.  
You may drink your  
Wine to Nacenus.  
And they will to Beldona,  
And honest Socrates as much as Plato.

Plato's works are immortal  
As the Apochrapha is to man,  
But the church yet sustains,  
For they build upon hypothesis.  
O! let us drink and close the scene  
Of sporting upon the Holy Writ,  
For they will be as happy in their  
Way—in a lie as the truth.

If they have a mind to believe  
That man has three souls,  
And believe that all will be saved,  
They are happy in that belief.  
And that man who believes  
That he will ride in a  
Golden chariot, and carried on  
The wings of angels in the skies.  
He is as sincere, and thinks his  
Doctrine is as consistent,  
And if you try to reason,  
He will call you a fool,

And turn aside in disgust,  
And pointing to heaven,  
O there is a God that will  
Judge in coming time.

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## MARRYING FOR WEALTH.

Oh 'tis better to have  
Love and union than to have  
Discord—although he can  
Abound in wealth, and obtain  
The fairest hand of beauty.  
It is better to live poor  
And live happy with your love,  
Than to have ten thousands a year  
And be in torment. But there  
Are many that will sacrifice  
Their happiness for wealth  
Of a few pounds sterling. But  
I had rather see union  
And love sporting in the  
Dance, drinking the wine,  
If this can be obtained.  
Oh, what is more painful  
Than to see a lord war  
With his lady.

Thus the doctor spoke  
And unto the fairest one  
Ever was seen to walk.  
She wept to hear him speak  
So affectionately. You must be  
True or very treacherous to gull  
Her. I will sacrifice my life  
To thee, my noble gooddess.  
If these words are not sincere  
Only this night accept my hand.  
Oh she put her hand to her  
Face and wept, sincerely, as he thought.

She only did so to deceive him.  
Then she spoke of her character,  
He was blind to her faults,  
And thought her speeches true.  
But as with all others, she  
Lied. But one night the  
Light to him appeared. He  
Plainly read the tale marked  
On her heart, "traitor."  
Oh why can you speak thus,  
I have always proved sincere.  
Oh do not leave me so. Let  
Us enjoy our souls.  
Arise and sport in the dance,  
I have all to my command,  
Only accept my hand—I  
Will to thee give all my charms,  
Thus he could not withstand  
This—he fell into her open arms  
As she wiped the tear drop from  
Her eye, he laid his hand  
Upon her heart. May Heaven  
Witness this moment, and I  
Will swear to thee protect.

---

### A SKETCH.

I saw thee in  
Her golden robes,  
And on her crown  
Rested a wreath of wisdom.  
Which by some  
Was thought to be  
Greater than Newton's,  
Or Demosthenes, or Socrates.  
His mouth was  
Like the one that

Fed the goose that  
Laid the golden egg.  
Manv obeyed for  
Fame, and let him  
There discern it was  
Obtained by sacrifice.  
Did I say sacrifice ?  
Yes, sacrifice yourself  
For you cannot sure  
Obtain it without.

---

### DISSIPATION.

As Charles to the residence  
Of his friend called on  
Her, in rules she said  
As in all lengths and shapes.  
This Charles minded not  
But kindly received her  
He did not notice the  
Dirt that covered her dress.  
He saw nothing but the hags  
Eyes meanwhile were following  
The wandering stream, through  
Valley and over the rocks.  
The Psalmist swept his hand  
Over his harp, and to  
His lip she placed a cup  
Kept none of sweeter taste.  
He thought she loved  
Him, until she from  
Her bosom drew a dirk,  
And spilled his heart's blood.  
Oh, she cried for mercy  
When she saw what  
She had done. Oh she could  
Not govern her temper.

She was the noblest  
That in Vernon ever wouldst  
I honor, not this treatment,  
Oh ! obtain your right by Heaven.

She had around her white  
Neck a golden chain  
Which he gave her for  
A token of his remembrance.

He has fame and more  
This man admires his  
Cat more than his dame,  
And much a surly mastiff.

She placed the chain in  
The hand which she  
Drew the dagger from  
And left in mirth.

At first she was  
Amused, and then  
Solitude came. She  
Mistook the sorrows of lovers.

From the foundation  
Of the world, distress never  
Has sprung from  
Following the laws of virtue.

Charles swore by all  
That's sacred in Heaven.  
He loved his foul and  
Damned lust—she left him.

Oh, why do many men  
Rush as fools, to spend  
Their time in the merry  
Song and the giddy dance.

They are led by hands  
Of imagination to burst  
From the sacred bands of  
Philos and become fools.

## THE LIBERTINE,

As a wolf heart  
On a innocent lamb,  
He did intend on  
Susan by affection.  
He to her appeared  
As if he had some  
Regard—little love  
For the friend he had named.  
Oh, he in sacred  
Words did declare, if  
She left him, he  
Would weep—weep in vain.  
Like a devil from  
The vaults of hell, he  
Resembled which, he  
Saw her cheek in bashfulness.  
His eyes like a serpent  
On the prey sparkled !  
Oh, he felt as if the blood  
In his veins would curdle.  
Oh at this excitement  
No contraction at the  
Dreadful crisis of the act,  
He fainted and fell.  
Oh yes, he fell so low  
He will never rise.  
Oh, we will weep,  
To see him weep !  
Oh, if you forsake  
Me now, I cannot  
Oh I cannot live,  
My only trust and guide.  
Oh, I could not  
Self hurt weep,

When I saw him  
He wept for he had repented,  
Oh, she in him  
Had confidence,  
Placed for reason he  
First deserted her.

He never as in song  
Was a man who had  
The smiles of Heaven,  
Found by the Angels.

Oh, we read much from  
The deep old classic  
Poets who in the  
Infernal regions wandered.

Oh, may the spirit  
Of Mar's and Neptune,  
And Jupiter, and Apollo  
And Minerva and Diana.

As they flourished  
At the great battles of  
The Grecian days  
Be found again.

Many temples raised  
To wisdom and honor  
Were destroyed, and  
Made a jubilee.

He on his noble front  
Bore the noble  
Goddess, and left  
The index of fame,

His name was  
Resounded on her  
Heart which is  
The place of affections.

Oh, the horrid tale !  
He left all alone



Like sorest grief  
Him far away, she thought.  
He noble as the  
Fall of ancient Greece  
Died as his Susan  
Unto him appeared.

---

## A D R E A M .

O! the crystal waters that  
Flow in the wandering stream,  
Through the forest and o'er  
The rugged cliff—where I  
Have wandered and many a night have  
Strolled, and on whose banks  
Have laid me weary down  
And mused upon the lull  
Of falling waters, and the rays  
Of the midnight moon  
Would light my lone path.  
I was alone ; no companion  
Except the howling wolf. I  
Passed the cots of savages,  
Who sought the blood of the  
Whites. Oh ! when I come  
In the sight of one, how  
Did I tremble. Then thinks  
I, what a coward ! Then  
I would be bourne upon  
The dancing waves, by the  
Tempests of destruction,  
Bourne without a friend,  
Without a farthing, I upon  
The polluted Euxine was  
Driven by the Powers of  
Darkness and the Prince of the  
Power of the air. But by  
The hand of smiling

Heaven, the tempest ceased,  
And around me the golden  
Chain of protection was thrown,  
And I was safe.  
'Then next I returned to  
My native land, expecting  
To find friends, but they were  
Gone, all, all gone ! and  
Some to their rest, and some  
To distant climes. At first  
I sat in the old mansion  
Door reflecting, and said I,  
O what is my destiny,  
Am I to live this horrible life,  
Does not the gods of Justice  
And Benevolence preserve me  
As well as others, or am  
I destined for the world of woe.  
O protect me in this hour ;  
Give me a cup of nourishment  
In this solitude—I feel as if  
My purest blood was running  
From my heart. I feel like  
Death. O give me nourishment.  
Let me drink at the fount of happiness,  
Oh my protector, extend to me  
That cup whose draught is  
Joy ; let me drink deeply,  
And let me never thirst again,  
And rise where I shall be happy.

---

### THE BATTLE.

I saw many in  
Small groups, with  
Their spears raised. O they  
Waxed in ire—there was  
A stream of fire from spear

To spear extended only.  
At last the sky looks  
Like a vault of fire  
In the realm of Erebus !  
At last no one was  
Left to boast of their  
Success in war. Each  
One had a spear  
Resting in his heart !  
All was silent. No  
Sounds were heard, no  
Prayers were offered for  
Salvation—there was no  
One there to offer them.  
O horrible was the fight !  
I saw no luminations  
There—no one that had  
The mystery of him.  
They to cast out and make  
Him as a tiger to a helpless  
Child. Nothing could  
Please it more than  
To sup in his blood.  
Each troop were fighting  
For their king. O her  
Hand. The king rushed  
His noble soldiers on, as he  
Hastened to his side  
The poor soldiers. Some  
To each king, and their gallant  
Ships stood waving their  
Flags of fire above their heads,  
And their hands extended  
Towards the blazing heavens,  
Asking of the gods of  
War assistance. There  
Were none given.  
Each came to equals, and

Beneath their feet they  
Trode their dying fellows  
And wept, and then cursed  
Their gods for their existence.  
He who will ask such  
An unjust assistance  
From his God ought to be  
Cursed ! Be no one  
Left to ask of his  
Own friends assistance  
That he may obtain from  
Others. O why do you,  
O fools ! ask that thing.  
Reason, if you ask an  
Explanation, and if you  
Reason correctly, you  
Will find the answer,  
If not from that, you  
Cannot find correct  
Comprehension fools ! to  
The fountain from whence  
All streams spring.  
Thus you must admit,  
That the God and the  
God of nature is the  
Author of all things.  
Not but one God,  
And that is the God  
Of spirit. He who  
Says he knows what  
This God is, is a fool !  
You may call him the God  
Of nature, or the God  
Of the world, it is the same,  
Call no man an infidel  
Whose devotion is under  
Reason. O for heaven's sake  
Condemn a sectarian.

## HOMOGINUS.

O Homoginus, Americ the great,  
As he sailed on a tempestuous  
Sea, the briny wave rolling gently  
Beneath his feet.

And the fiery steed obeyed the  
Rider, the tempter obeys  
His command, and the  
Infernal deities.

O Homoginus the mighty,  
Arise from thy slumber ;  
Seize thy sceptre, and call forth  
Thy noble warriors to battle.

For heaven's sake arouse,  
Spill the cursed Briton's blood,  
Will you suffer Ireland to be  
In abject slavery ? O no !

O suffer death, Homoginous,  
Before you do it. She ought  
To be free. O, if God is just,  
Briton will tremble.

He wept, he mourned to see,  
Ireland oppressed. O to God  
Would I could free her  
From the British tyranny.

O the afflicted fell, with  
The spear quivering in his heart.  
O horrible were his groans. O  
Would that I could save him !

No more his voice is heard  
On the hills. No more his  
Counsel is heard in war. O  
He is gone. O he is gone.  
Like the rugged hemlock, he  
Has stood the tempest, and

Now no more. His bones are  
Wriapt in clay, and zephyrs sing his dirge.

America was not the stage  
Where he acted. He was American,  
Of American principles. O

For heaven's sake give me liberty.

Can such a spirit die? No!

It will live in America.

If no where else. I think

It lives in heaven.

O! as I visited the ruins of  
Carthage, it reminded me  
Of the fate of Hungianus, to  
See his ship sail in blood.

O his goddess' lasses were  
Wasted by Zephyr on the polluted  
Blood. Her sparkling eyes were  
Covered with flowing gore.

She fell when her father was  
Thrusting the sceptre at the foe.  
He had wielded the sceptre  
With terrible sway.

Next came his uncle; he  
Commanded the fleet upon  
The briny waters, many  
Visions were on the sea.

His fame was known on  
The Euxine sea. There  
Were those that would  
Contend in battle with him.

He was versed in the laws,  
He would look down on  
The inferior gods. To  
Converse they were amazed.

His mighty arm, like the  
Golden chain of heaven,

Bound all thrones and  
Worlds harmonious.  
He sought to make man  
Happy with his mighty arm.  
He protected them and  
Learned them temperance.  
He was aroused by the midnight  
Tempest and the distant thunder.  
He awoke to the lightning  
Flashing in the concave heavens.  
He saw his fate inscribed, and  
Read it. He trembled as he  
Looked to see those wods—that by  
The hand of the gods were written.

---

### CASTLETON COLLEGE.

The preacher into his pulpit  
Went on the sacred day.  
O his fantastic language  
Was amusing to those that heard.  
He with dignity arose,  
With his hands extended  
Towards heaven, with his thrilling  
Words exclaiming—God save the sinner!  
O! a poor old man whose head  
“Was silvered o’er with age,” hearin  
His words, he wept and trembled  
In fear of his eternal doom.  
He counselled all to see if  
His soul was safe. The preacher told  
Them, you are commanded to  
Sustain the Church of God.  
This revived the old man, thinking  
His gold might save him. The  
Preacher told him your case is  
Sure if you pay me ten pounds sterling.

Some were amazed. Strange  
Performance was new to them.  
His trifling words they never  
Heard before. What eloquence!  
The noble goddess before him  
Sung songs to his praise, in  
The name of the Lord. Thus the  
Day was spent in worshiping.  
Angels looked up to them  
And wept. They in the golden bands  
Stand as reflectors of the laws  
Of the God they praised.  
O we are told that his spirit  
Comes in the form of Charity.  
At first it dazzles the eyes  
Of every servant of heaven.  
She, with her high forehead and  
Cheek bones, her mouth open  
From ear to ear, her teeth  
Projected, filled the church with song.  
Her eyes like diamonds of  
First water, glistened. Her hair  
In graceful ringlets decked her  
Neck, as Zephyr waved them.  
By her side stood a dame  
Like a Gracian goddess all the  
Blushing dames stood at the head  
And filled the house with thunder.

---

### SACRILEGE.

The lofty walls and  
Sacred alters were  
Destroyed by those who  
Were ambitious for fame.  
While the altars were  
Died with blood



From the holy lamb,  
And by human hands.  
If he did not consecrate  
The blood to his God,  
Once in seven days,  
He was condemned.  
And if they had a  
Son of sin to the Gods,  
And they would sacrifice  
Him, and deck the holy altars.  
They would say that this  
Is doing the will of God,  
For he was the son  
Of sin, and they sacrificed him.  
O, one in the age that  
Wise men spoke, this  
Does not please him,  
To see you shed his blood.  
For I can see the law written  
Where it is plain to be seen  
By mortal eye,  
Thou shalt not kill.  
He sincerely thought  
Because his priests told  
Him thus that he must  
Take the life of his son.  
Although he may think  
That the priest tells him true  
And decreed by the Gods,  
All is not true.  
Oh, for Heaven's sake  
Oh, never be led astray,  
Look and see the superstitions  
Of olden times.  
Why then was it their duty  
To sacrifice an ox,

Upon the holy altar  
For their salvation.  
And the perfumes thereof  
Were an odour to them,  
In the sacred temple,  
To the pleasure of the Gods.

---

### THE COUNT.

He with his dame  
On the golden floor  
In the dance, he  
Received her.  
She was beautiful and fair,  
Thus, as he considers  
She was fate bore  
To the honor of Greece.  
Her imagination was great  
And it is said that she  
Had touched the lyre  
Of David—King of old.  
She wore around her white  
Marble neck  
Three pounds of gold  
And sweet perfume arose.  
On her visit to her  
Father, she with her  
To her Count, but he  
Did not please her father.  
Although he was wealthy  
He was awkward as  
A country plow boy—  
He could not converse.  
He was not versed in  
Literature. He asked for  
His consent—no sooner  
Had he done this than

He was refused, and  
From her father's mansion  
Was driven— so he spoke  
As he forward went.

You wretch ! you have  
Deceived me. It was  
By your gold that  
Round you hung.

He left upon her rosy cheek  
The index of his affection  
Towards her, and thence  
They together went.

They upon the noble ship  
Together stepped, and to Athens  
Went, against her father's  
Will she married him.

When he heard of the news  
He forbid her his house,  
She answered his letter,  
I wish to never to see you.

She affected the father —  
All, all, my estate  
Is at your command,  
If you will come to me.

No, I will not, I am  
The fairest lad in the world —  
You have forbid your mansion,  
And I will not return.

I can have the pleasure  
Of visiting the lonely caves,  
And see the place where orators  
Stood—You may die in solitude.

I could see the wolves sup  
Your blood—you have abused  
Me, and by the Goddesses of virtue.  
I'll not forgive you.

As she these words penned,  
His eyes did sparkle  
And her countenance sent  
Forth the expression true.

---

## REFLECTIONS.

Sound the instruments of joy,  
Oh, son of Egypt, make the slumbering  
Spirits awake, may the symbol of  
God be played by Angels in Heaven.  
Art thou surprised for God's repentance,  
Who created such a simple being  
As man, who was created after his  
Own image, he condemned it, O, heresy !  
Condemned ! what, by God, when  
He after rested from his labor,  
Pronounced all things good—  
But never condemned and sent to hell.  
He after cutting and trying, like a  
Tailor, on a garment, could not  
Make man perfect stand. He  
Had to disperse all from the land.  
He with his mighty hand replenished  
The earth, and left man in despair,  
And condemned him lest  
He saw that he was naked, and blush.  
Man created to reason, and to  
Behold all things—to see good from  
Evil, reason to judge of them, and  
Then condemned for beholding things.  
Who repented, God or Man ? God  
Repented, and for consolation sent the Deluge,  
Then Noah in his Ark did wander  
On the mighty main for days.  
Then after his return to Noah's people  
Said, I cannot be with you always.

Oh, how sad they looked    The tears burst  
From their eyes, when they had heard the tale.  
Forsaken by God who created them,  
And conducted their father on the  
Mighty main, forsaken, Oh horrible !  
Oh, better had they never been born !  
Forsaken ! Oh, terrible is the thought, my  
Only friend has left me in a land  
Of strangers surrounded by all the  
Beasts of prey, without a shield or protector.  
Can man, by his bad conduct, be  
Made a servant of servants, and for  
Many years bear the galling yoke,  
And then join in the bands of joy.  
Remember that you have a  
Sacred God.    If that is true, mind  
And please him.    If you displease him  
It takes some time to calm his ire.  
All children of God—none of the  
Devils are commanded to obey him.  
Commandments say you that belong to the  
Devil obey his laws—obey their master.  
Woman, second in creation,  
And doubly refined, and within  
Her God has framed  
Deceitfulness—with all his power.  
Oh, how could it be possible  
That such a being could be  
Taken from man.    Moses  
Tells us so, thus we must believe.  
Thus, from the time of Adam,  
Until the present, we find  
Woman deceitful.    By them  
Into Rome were introduced harlots.  
What greater curse could befall  
A nation—even adding tears and

Griefs on man, until his  
Life and house are turned to hell.  
Oh horrible! what, a woman  
Create a hell, such a lovely  
Creature as she, with her rosy cheeks  
And blooming breast, and marble neck.  
Her sparkling eyes, and her  
Goddess form. You would never  
Think she thought of sin. She in  
Her last car rode as cruel warriors.  
Thus into society they will come,  
And declare themselves virtuous,  
Some may be, and say a  
Connubial life adds to happiness.  
Then by their noble form and  
Deception, may lead away  
Some noble minds, who think, alas!  
That they are as honest as themselves.  
Oh, when they discourse, their  
Mistake in the fancied good  
It is too late then to repent,  
And so in grief must spend their days.  
That makes many reckless,  
Even Poets resort to the cup. I  
Have seen this on eastern coasts,  
And western banks and vales.  
Find a bride and bridegroom in  
Harmony—you will find that  
They in youth did marry—  
Otherwise he is a fool for doing it.  
Oh, I must say it. There are  
Some that do better in connubial  
Life, than to live single. May such  
Beings live in peace hereafter.  
I in my life but one whole  
Year taken together have seen

That blessed couple, but what  
Did with each other quarrel.

Oh, where I have seen one  
Made happy, by joining in the  
Bands of wedlock, I have seen ten  
Made miserable—disgracing society.

O to heaven they could go  
Thankfully without a farthing.  
A family of ten they will  
Try to support. At last they starve.

As I have been wandering on  
The dreary coasts of time, I have  
Seen a ship lost by leaving  
Port in a tempestuous storm.

What is there more to be wished for  
Than a noble goddess, and what  
Is there that will hold to a man  
More than a noble hearted maid.

And what is there that will make  
More misery throughout the  
World than a deceitful one,  
For they are authors of sin.

She who is harmless in all things  
Will please fools ; for they think of  
Nothing more. If they should visit  
Some foreign shore, they would tremble.

Some are taught in schools,  
If you think wrong  
You are condemned. As you  
Must repent of every thought.

O then abstain from every  
Flirtation with woman, she  
May be paid as many are,  
And yet fond of sin and deception.

So heaven—she could have  
Been made pe

To man's happiness. We know  
Woman is as she was created.

We do say that sin is the devil, or  
The devil is sin ; then we must say  
Woman is the devil for she is the  
Instigator of sin and corruption.

A goddess, first one I know  
Of woman's race. She came, her  
Golden hair and blooming  
Breast, and her countenance too.

And a lovely dame she was,  
They both were made insane  
By some unknown cause ; some  
Think on love and some on study.

We think if such minds are  
So nervous to grasp what they desire,  
That love is a poison  
And insanity is horrible.

That raised to such extent to  
Fail, they form any books.  
Her head and her blooming  
Cheeks fade, and dim her sparkling eyes.

She will possess all the force of  
Intreague and deception,  
And make the raging sea appear  
Smooth as a fool to his love.

The cringing children and  
Tattered clothes. The sheriff with  
His writ for debt. O he thinks  
It adds to man's happiness !

'Thus nature and nature's  
God seem to ask this together  
'To please the devil--for woman  
Above all things must be pleased.  
Thus as a bee with his continued  
Buzzing around a lion's ear may



Arouse him from his slumbers,  
So is the way with woman.  
O when he is aroused by a  
Mere insect, he is saying, 'To think  
That such an insect awoke him  
From his slumbers when he was quiet.  
I think no harm of virtuous  
Goddesses, but a deceitful one  
Adds hell to paradise, and  
Transformation is his fate, O man !  
O ye who have traveled to the main  
For many years, will you not  
Consider with me, when your  
Mind's unbiased by prejudices.

---

## M A R Y .

From the high and low  
Lands of Scotland to lovely  
Greece, to the sacred land of  
Ireland, no dame I adore as  
Much as Mary from the towering  
Mountains of Vermont. Into  
My arms she would kindly fall,  
O this is the dame I adore above all.  
Sing ye of your goddesses of Greece  
And Rome. None carried the  
Sparkling eyes as the dame I adore.  
Her words were music, it would  
Amaze thee, like the song of heaven,  
Her company was sought by sage and wise,  
And how they told of her deportment fair  
Of her kind heart and her sweet angel air.  
Her black hair in ringlets hung  
Profusely on her snowy neck,  
Her blooming breast and throbbing heart  
Made manifestations of love and sympathy,

Her slender arm was known  
To wield the sceptre of war—she ruled  
In the battle field, and by her vengeful hand  
Dealt death and terror through the hostile band.

Adored by all that was noble in  
Wars. Angels blushed, stood back.  
Yes, they fell when they feared  
Mary the goddess was offended.  
The ranks were broken, and from  
Heaven they came tumbling afar,  
Arms on armor, like distant thunder ajar.

Then heaven was silent until  
From the fright they had received  
Coming to their senses they  
One by one arose and looked around  
To find themselves from heaven,  
Driven with their artillery in  
Hell. All those scenes of horror to forego  
In that eternal world of helpless woe.

They quicken the flames as well  
As being of different material.  
They answer the purposes thus designed  
Will not serve in all cases as witnesses  
I don't say that Mary the goddess  
Did right in frightening Mar's angels.  
Oh light! thus from the realm of day,  
'Thou burst upon the world and darkness flies away.

Not be Africa's, for their lips  
Were not swollen, unless it was  
Done when they fell. I have not  
Seen them since, but groans  
Are reaching thou judging heaven.  
It makes those that are there tremble,  
A chance if earth does not one day behold  
No hearts in mart, no sinews bought and sold.

## REDEMPTION.

From the Holy Land, a land  
Many have been redeemed by  
Their own faith in this, and  
Have thus been saved.

Touch thy harp to all the  
World; O Lord, if you can  
Save the people from that  
Place of dreadful woe.

Whatever is thy destiny,  
But the creator in redemption  
Will change it—if man  
Was designed for pain there's no abuse.

O when man thinks that is  
His destiny. O! horrible  
The blood curdles in his arteries  
This stops all resolution and life.

Obey thy father which in  
Heaven, ye vain men,  
Which have wandered from  
The truth of God and Saviour.

By the power of Heaven we  
Have our existence and do  
Him we honor all the praises  
Which we enjoy, Father in Heaven.

Thrust Atheists all away, O Lord!  
Man must believe in thee  
For there is nothing else  
And nothing has existence but through thee.

There is a cause in the matter.  
You cannot see it with a common  
Eye, this lone cause man into  
Existence without a cause.

There is a cause, that first caused  
This matter to exist—as the

Electricity that exists in the  
Warring clouds of Heaven.  
Talk of mysteries—refer all to  
God, that you cannot account  
For, as the heathens did stop  
Woe plagues of God, as you think.  
Oh, fools, thou art who believe  
That God as just God who  
Will curse his people, who do  
As he desired them to do.  
Oh, lovely Irishmen whose  
Blood flows in my veins,  
Oh, lovely Americans whose land  
Is my birth place.  
For fame shall we abandon  
All the sacred principles—will  
You believe in destinies  
Which is contrary to reason.  
Oh ! believe in true salvation if  
You will wandering on  
The river Styx for an  
Hundred years in hellish regions.  
O ye that are given over  
To hardness of heart by the  
Curse of love. I command  
You to turn to righteousness.  
There is the law of treason,  
And the law of Mount Sinai.  
If we transgress the law of  
The master we are dam'd.  
O Lord thou who wrought the  
Concave heavens and bade  
Merry—all the people !  
Teach them reason.  
On the rugged mountains  
Of Vermont, and the high

Peaks of Scotland, and  
The plains of Ireland, be his birth.

Happy is the man whom the  
Smiles of heaven gently fall  
Upon, as the gentle dews of  
Heaven upon the valley.

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## THE CONFESSIO N.

O ! I have many years  
Sought for a mate. I have  
Never found one until I saw  
You, that satisfied my desire.  
Many I have seen who had  
Wealth enough, and all to my  
Command, if I would love  
Them and be their bride.  
Sages, poets and orators have  
Been my company for  
Many years ; with philosophers  
I have conversed on matrimony.  
They did not suit my  
Fancy. O I could see the  
Index on their faces which  
Told me never to marry,  
On your countenance I  
Saw the words which read,  
Union would make us  
Happy, as those of heaven.  
O may I be so bold, my  
Love, to ask you, can you  
See any virtue in me  
To take me for your bride.  
If you can, here is my hand,  
As true as the sacred

Spirit of heaven. I love thee. O  
For heaven think of me now.

O you did tell me  
After my confession,  
You would extend my  
Hand ; you kindly express.

O you this solemn oath do  
Wish to have me take,  
That I by the gods on you  
My offers do place for ever.

This I will take if you  
My hand will accept, I  
Will prove true to you as  
Fond as you to me.

Honest men keep virtuous  
Women—virtuous are found.  
Yours I will keep, or I will  
Give my life for sacrifice !

O do not break my  
Heart. On you I have  
Placed my affections. O thou  
Guileful man, if thou art guilty of the crime  
O ! if your fear is heard, and  
For this the fires from the vaults  
Of hell will not make  
You tremble at the sight.

He gave his hand to the  
Dame—a happy couple they  
Were ; they accomplished their  
Great desire, and passed life away.

## A N C I E N T C I T I E S .

May he who to different  
Climes roved amidst ruined  
Cities and fallen empires, be  
Aroused from his slumbers.  
O let him to Greece  
And Rome look and see  
Egypt once in a flourishing  
Condition and free institutions.  
O see how she is fallen ;  
We are told by some that  
The Ethiopians were the  
Fountains of old knowledge.  
If that is the case she  
Has fallen much, we ought  
Not to despise her for it.  
All nations are liable to fall.  
By their own nation,  
By invasion which becomes  
All nations, their own government,  
Left without succor to expire.  
Never wait until your  
Foes come before you prepare  
For defence. All now be prepared  
For wars—you will remain in peace.  
No nation will attest  
You, when they think they  
Cannot consider this is  
Evil what they obtain by invasion.  
Many to Greece from  
America's gales, as well  
Some from England,  
As we read of Lord Byron.  
It is necessary for him  
To travel to awaken

His imagination. See him  
Fast when he should dine,  
As you take the sacred  
Testimony of the rosy  
Cheeks and the jovial hearts  
In which he plants the root of love.  
My son, believe by all  
That is sacred in heaven,  
Who has the heart of a Roman  
Strives for liberty and right.  
Make the rich suffer—the lord  
As well as the poor. Pardon  
Him not for his frauds, or  
Marry one by your judgment.  
When he hears the song, he  
To his conclave goes; one-third  
I will give, if the other two  
Years will get for me again.  
The conclave one-third takes.  
And makes sure of that,  
And at last he does not give  
This case one-half of his money spent.  
This is the recompense men  
Receive by law, all it is said  
Form is made to give man  
His rights and protect him from injury.  
The ones that makes them and  
Advocates them are the best protected,  
As every man for his own  
Interest works, to other's expense.



## F A M E .

From Gods holy  
Wine would in  
Paradise take your  
Cup of wine.

And to him write  
Words that will be  
More amusing than  
Old Homer's song.

In his breast all  
Virtues rest, as in  
The vaults, the sacred  
Wine for Goddesses.

Great Cæsar strived  
For fame, and so do they  
Aim to obtain rich honors  
Which are happiness.

As David the Great  
Fills their heaven with  
The word of God  
His land on eloquence.

He with his cup  
Makes all his hearers  
Tremble as if the sky  
Shook by the hand of Heaven.

He is as if a saving ordinance  
Had to quicken his  
Spirit to eloquence, while  
He arose in the sound.

His words moved  
A land as stubble  
From the harvest,  
Spreading all around.

He wept with loss  
Heavy as for a nation

To put her child in  
The rash jaws of a tiger.  
O tis fearful to see  
One floating in  
The liquid sulphur of  
Styx for disobedience.  
O the poor fool in  
The pulpit said he  
Knew that there were  
More floating in despair.  
With all our mischievous men  
As the imperial minions  
Hankering for their prey,  
For feasting on honor.  
He could bear the  
Froward spirits of  
The vaults of pain  
While he snuffed in the breeze.  
This he would do to  
Convert them, he  
In more dislike  
See what would be the creed.  
When he was directed  
To fulfil his destination  
His reply was, must  
Not tempt the Son of God.  
He was vain of  
Reason and guided by  
The lives of the ancients  
Founded on imagination.  
To hell ! he sent by words  
All those that  
Would not believe  
As he did and worship.

## P L A G A R I S M .

The fame of Thales,  
Solon and Strabo, be  
By every one sung,  
Or their words read.

Many Sages steal !  
From the ancient  
Ones, and resound it  
As their own productions.

From their noble words  
The true essence, and  
Culls this, or with an  
Infidel to destruction.

He tries to blind the  
Peoples eyes, as a counsel  
His opponent, with  
His different pleas.

O it is better for one  
To be well learned  
In what he tries  
To advocate against his opponent.

No man yet ever  
Was too well read in  
Fame to meet his bold  
Opponent counsellor.

For he forms not  
Stone, well may he  
Be read, in learning  
Slim, is he after all.

O you poor and forsaken,  
Till the vaults of heaven  
All must be sent  
And all eloquence to man.

As Xerxes offered well  
For Fame let not

A man attempt  
To undo that motto.  
O let his neighbor  
Show what he is,  
If he discerns  
No people see him more.  
Like the rolling  
Waters, bring forth  
A worthy thought  
To the sages eye.  
Solon, who once  
In Greece did sit,  
Pleasing the Gods,  
And pleased in his turn.

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### L O R D   H E N R Y .

Lord Henry from Dublin  
Returned to see his  
Dame of Rome, Cordelus.  
He resided by her.  
Many days I met with  
Him, I did not know  
His desire which he had.  
For many years seen  
Her noble form and  
Sparkling eyes, alternately  
Shall entice his fond  
Applications to her love.  
O ! Lord Henry many  
Times wept to see his  
Condition ; his fortune  
He has spent for dances.  
O, he said, give me solitude  
In my life henceforth.

Experience has taught me  
All results are left to fame,  
On yesterday I saw a  
Lovely dame, her name  
Was Miss Geneva,  
She was abroad from Rome,  
And Henry by her side  
Sat, and visited for  
Hours, and praised her beauty  
And her cheeks so lovely.

The rolling billows  
And the pealing thunder  
Are types of hell. The song  
Of heaven did not arise,

Her work excelled all,  
Miss Susan was good ;  
Her form, her birth, was  
Visited as a destroying prize.

Lord Henry and Susan,  
With their praises, returned  
Home filled with wine,  
And sought out his dame.

In the giddy dance  
They sported ; they turned their  
Cups of wine to their pleasure,  
For pastime, a game of whist.

Galenus came to see his  
Dame ; she was much  
Perplexed when he saw  
Lord Henry with her in Paris.

Galenus now sported when  
He spoke to Lord Henry,  
O you scornful man,  
You I despise and hate,

He from his field

Placed a dagger to Henry's heart,  
Think if he did as Galenus  
To pardon him—he forgave him.  
He might as well, for  
It was the last words  
He spoke. The blood from  
His heart was gushing forth.  
This astonished the people,  
To see Galenus—Lord Henry's  
Blood taken, and Susan and Genevra,  
You were the cause of his death.

By your consenting to sport  
With him in the dangerous hour,  
Denying wine to his expense  
Made Galenus fall on him.  
You ought to have learned  
When Galenus was commanding,  
To have Lord Henry accepted,  
Or sent him home to his country.

Alvira's rosy cheek faded, her  
Sparkling eye grew dim,  
Her affections broke—all was  
Solitude with Alvira and Galenus.

No songs Alvira's harp sent  
To amuse him, she could  
Not sport with him in  
The giddy dance after his death.

Instead of winning a prize,  
As he thought when he  
Lord Henry's life took away,  
Himself in the pit of hell

He dips his glittering sceptre  
In the deathly poison which  
He from the Devil obtained,  
And swore all foes should die.

O thou fool ! fight for the  
Thrilling thought of love. Oh !  
See lovely Alvira scorn  
Galenus, when her company did ask:  
O once her hand was free,  
And Galenus could go to all  
Amusements. You will find on the  
Rosy cheeks of some dame or goddess.  
It is plain for man to see  
The vortex of death, when  
He has seen the trials of  
Others, as the light of morning stars.  
Man may stumble along  
In the dark and die happy, and  
Love at the same time  
Might have been a free traveller.  
O the poor man thought  
This was destiny—all was  
To remain in bondage, and  
By a woman be controled.  
O ye gods ! ye gods of Greece !  
These words are as true as  
Those wrote on the Mount,  
Woman was formed to deceive man.  
O I had rather rule the  
Infernal Gulf, than  
To stand and hear the thunderings  
Of a woman where I wish quiet.  
O Galenus died unseasonable ;  
He tumbled, and his eye looked like  
Fire. I thought by his actions the  
Dagger was in his heart when he groaned.  
O ! he replied, my troubles was  
Caused by a deceitful goddess.  
She has led me, I sought for peace,  
In torment I awoke.

## DEAR FRIEND C——, M. D.

To thee I invoke my solemn  
Prayer—to thee, O friend C——,  
I swear, to all that is sacred  
Reason is my religion.

Long time it has been the  
First time, I into your door  
Entered, a pilgrim, at the age  
Of fourteen, and without money.

Over the hills that you can  
See I have wandered happy ;  
I was, yes happier than I am  
Now, with my wine.

I hold to all that is sacred  
And pure, worship one God,  
Hold to no sect,  
None, and treat all with respect.

Can you find a better creed  
Than this, I honor thee, you  
Looked on me with scorn when  
I wandered over your hills .

You thought I was obliged  
To do it. I was born a freeman,  
In my arteries flows the pure  
Blood of an Irishman, never humble.

Thee I honor, O friend C—— !  
From your land I received  
My patrimony, into a  
Distant land I went.

Ah, among strangers  
Found friends, both are  
There among my own  
Acquaintances and relations.  
From my father's temple



I wandered, O I thought  
Could see his lovely locks no  
Where, he is gone, gone to his home.

O when you took me  
In, your countenance  
Reminds me of my  
Free and sacred Father.

I have found a better  
Friend in the roving  
Wolf than I have with  
Many relations and pampered priests.

O may you when I am  
Gone, think how I  
Over your hills after  
Your flock did rove.

O the happy hours I have  
Spent in your mansion  
I thought not then that  
Since I might see no rest.

O for heaven ! hold all  
Things sacred, that from  
God descended, as I have  
Said there is but one God.

You worship him,  
He in Heaven will  
Take some, we know  
There is a first cause.

For the Gods of nature  
We do go, that is as  
Far as our imagination  
Or reason will aspire.

Gods of Eloquence,  
To him who is the  
Author of all, strange,  
Divine and amazing.

O friend C——, die  
For fame—ye who as  
Medicine for atheists,  
As long as you live.  
Wealth is spent by your  
Posterity, you are cursed  
For not leaving more,  
O strive for fame ye Gods.  
You have often times told  
Me your every door  
Was open to me, I  
Wept when I left your house.  
O think of the immortal  
Homer, think not he  
Had to endure more  
If the Gods would ensure him.  
We are told from deeds  
That old Homer did so  
To Nestor's laws and  
Homer's fame in Greece.  
O from whence did all  
Things spring, to what  
God have we to  
Answer for our sins.  
From our laws  
All things spring  
And to that law who  
Can avert the result.  
As long as the laws of  
The place discord, and  
The rules spurn all things  
Will sink away in gloom.  
O spurn slavery or die ;  
On this honor kings  
And heros have

Done it live forever.

One scar or a hundred,  
Your life is nothing to  
That, when here we  
Rise as Demsthenes.

O the fountain of all  
Knowledge is medicine  
Tho' Physicians have buffed  
The storm of all iafamy.

I wish not to say  
A word against the  
Sects of religion, it is a knell  
For the world we live in.

You know my honor!  
Then has no science  
Been advanced from the  
Real poets in our land.

Her words I write  
In my own blood; if  
It were not for the physician,  
The world would have been in the same.

O the blood from my veins  
Freely flows, to bestow honor  
On the Physician. It is  
Not required by the world.

O go to the physician for  
Reason—can you lead them  
Away—he feels imagination  
Was the great Physician of Greece.

May the land boast of  
His wisdom. The orator  
Of his talents at the  
Head stands the Lancet.

From your arteries the  
Blood is taken, which

Saves your lives which canst  
Become by learned orators.

O, ye slumbering souls  
Arouse ! see what perfection  
Around you lies, but  
Heaven ! and man distress,

From whence did it  
Flow, whence is the  
Fountain of its origin,  
O ye Gods of Italy.

O will you be guilty  
Of taking man from  
The sacred throne of  
Heaven to the jubilee of hell.

O if this your character,  
In blood I give my name,  
J—— H——, ye Gods of  
Virtue against them contend.

O I have not wealth,  
Although I for you worked  
For my bread, when  
I was a pilgrim in my youth.

Three times to you have I  
Wrote, with my hands  
Wet in blood of my own  
Arteries, to your hand.

In summer I left you the  
Agony that you manifested,  
Exceed all I ever saw, it would  
Have made a surgeon tremble.

O die for honor ! live  
With the gods of medicine,  
O let your name be  
Rehearsed by coming times,

Wealth is not worth

Striving for—some are  
Happy as the swine  
With its fill from day to day.

Others are happy without  
A farthing, sporting in the  
Giddy dance on credit,  
N'er expecting to pay.

Said George the name  
Is to grow familiar,  
The same as the  
People of ancient Rome.

O now to me my  
Fatherings pay, as I hear  
Another man has  
Waited for my money.

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### DECEIT.

Her fame was by the Gods  
Sung. If she had not been  
A sacred goddess  
They would not have sung her praise.  
She at first bore the resemblance  
Of a perfect beauty ; she was  
Adored by the noble  
Ones of her own land.

When she in the halls of  
Amusement did sit, she  
Used all the fell deception,  
She could with art and practice.

This I know—no one  
Is as good a teacher as  
The one who has experience ;  
This lesson I have for him.

O, said I, yet of Poets,  
Of your goddesses—of us

And Rome that thus  
Had come those of Ireland.  
She forsook one to  
Obtain another, which  
She lost, both because  
The first one she did see.  
She wept—she sobbed, and  
From her rosy cheeks did  
Wipe the tear. Would to God  
That I could see him again.  
And he loved her,  
For he thought she  
Was true. He learned  
She was deceptive, like the rest.  
O I warn you this day,  
To no one place your affections  
So firm, but what you  
Can move them if you like.  
The fortune which I  
Have spent for them,  
If I had it now  
Should not be squandered now.  
Although the rosy cheek  
And the sparkling eye  
And the beautiful form  
Are that which will entice.

---

### L O R D B U L L .

Lord Bull from  
Augusta did come  
In state, as great as  
Octavus to Carthage.  
In full cellars he  
Said at the same  
Time the sheriff come

To take Lord Bull with a writ.  
Once he was honored  
By the gods of heaven, but  
Now condemned by his  
Own fate he had fell.  
When he into the  
Court did come, all  
The counsellors who were  
To oppose him would tremble.  
He by his conversing so  
Freely with Mr. Brandy,  
Fools from him all his  
Money, took and left him in the ditch.  
But Bull left his own  
Will, and took refuge  
With one who is to be  
Despised by every good citizen.  
He dwelt in a house  
Built of stone, it might have  
Been changed into a  
Prison, it would answer.  
His own children despise  
Him, they would not  
Give him bread when he  
Was hungry and thirsty.  
His disposition bore resemblance  
To his name. No christian  
Durst make his religion  
Known to the Pagans or Turks.  
He carried as a Phycian King ;  
She followed him, for she thought  
Much of his name. She would  
Transform to his liking.  
Her looks at Lord Bull had  
The effect of the bite of a viper,  
Both of them would make  
Him tremble and grow sick.

## MISFORTUNE.

O morun not at your  
Misfortunes, many Gods  
From Elysian to Tartarus  
Have been hurled for bad conduct.  
Be not frightened when you  
Stand on the virge of destruction,  
And behind you look and see  
The waves of grief, which you have past.  
The rolling of the thunder  
Of Heaven, and the electricity  
Of the skies make the earth tremble  
Under your feet, and give not up!  
As you on the verge of death  
Stand, you can see the Goddesses of  
Hell sailing on the liquid sulphur,  
And singing their songs of woe.  
Although you stand on the fierge  
Of death, if you have a vrm hold  
Above fear not, renounce the Devil,  
Hell cannot pull you from it.  
Juno was worshipped by  
Many who must be considered  
Pagans, worship the true God,  
No one has right to worship ought else.  
The people have been deluded long,  
Will you who possess reason  
Worship man as God?  
One would think better things.  
If the world was at peace  
When God came into the  
World to save man, we can  
See a great contempt on his cause.  
When church and state are  
Connected, you must expect on  
Both parts rebellion — each one



Will strive to obtain dominion.  
Where strong powers exist  
Harmoniously separate. O never  
Combine them, as there is a power, the  
Matter you can see it when combined,

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### ON A POET.

O would to God ! that I could  
Speak of this man with  
Great respect. He has wrote  
For himself, which you might  
See the title page, "Thoughts of  
Musing." This might be those that  
Think more of love than of  
Their books ; for I am as sure  
That those who think much of  
That cannot of books.  
O when he was fifteen  
He thought he knew more  
Than those who had far  
More. One thinks he did of love,  
For he was about to fall into  
The company of every dame he  
Could see. His face was dark  
With hair ; his eyes were small ;  
According to phrenology  
His language must be small,  
His forehead was low and reason  
Small. O what a dangerous  
Man. The fleece from his face  
Might have fetched a pound.  
He wrote a work, called by  
Some to be a specimen of love,  
And others say, if that is love, O  
For heaven's sake deliver me from it,  
Or stop that poet's song, he  
Will turn all sane youth

To love-sick fools ! Horrible to  
See a man insane on love.  
No virtuous woman darest  
Walk the streets. O this is  
Withering more than religion has  
Done ; but see the contrast. One  
Is in a good cause, and  
The other is folly. O some think  
They cannot come it in rhyme without  
They are in love. I should  
Think this was the case when he  
Wrote to his comrades. O love by  
You must enjoy yourself  
When you received him  
Into your company. O muse !  
O ye gods and goddesses pass !  
And see therein. The lyric songs  
Of God's holy harp would not  
Arouse them. Oh no ; you could  
Thrust the glittering steel into  
His head before he would turn.  
No gods are called for his  
Counsel, but the devils  
Up from the lake to see what  
He is doing. O they exult !  
You are writing for the sons of musing ;  
If they will amuse all they  
Undoubtedly will buy one,  
For that is what he wrote for ;  
He wrote not for honor, as Byron,  
Who ought to have written to please  
All. O who can you find  
That likes such love or  
Love-sick poetry. It is  
Not destined for men to  
Read, but for the gods and  
Goddesses, rather those above

Than those below, for that  
Is when if it don't go, you would  
Think to hear him talk of  
Hell, the worst place that  
Can be found ; but if he  
Gets his company and makes  
Wars, he will wish he was there.

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### ON A NOBLE.

O ! the sire of Minerva  
Was a noble man. He  
Desired to raise something great  
To make a goddess or a queen.  
Thus a lord of a noble  
Family paid his addresses  
To Minerva ; thus in the  
Connubial state she fell.  
Her golden hair hung in ringlets  
On her neck. Her blooming  
Breast did the lord rejoice.  
O what a goddess fell into  
My companionship. Her lovely  
Eyes and marble neck surpassed  
All the dames. Thus beauty and  
Intelligence were all contained.  
She was so ambitious to  
Dethrone kings. O she could  
Until she past the wedlock.  
O lament, lament what has  
Happened to this goddess, she  
Has fallen from the high ethereal  
Throne of heaven, to the  
Realms of darkness.  
What companions, once in  
Paradise, then in hell,  
Carrying her helmet of battle rage.  
O after his long suffering

She was pardoned out, and  
Returned to her lord.  
Her ambition was all gone,  
When she did like to be  
Decked with silver and gold  
And the richest apparel.  
She shunned her old companions,  
And so slip shod them in the  
Street, instead of meeting them  
Like friends with a smile.  
He thought of many things  
To please her ; he visited  
Greece and Rome with her ;  
Instead of curing her it  
Made her worse to see  
Lovely Greece. O for her  
To reflect to see what Greece  
Once was ; it was like  
Herself, in ruins. O God of  
Heaven, she said, O tell me  
What is the cause of the  
Downfall of noble Greece.  
She stood for a moment and  
Then burst into a rage,  
As if she was in battle  
Field in full glory, and  
Then her spirit went to her  
God. Her last words were,  
O may my soul be saved.  
O you that think you would  
Be happy by getting a partner  
May be made miserable, not  
To have the fortune to obtain  
A goddess, whose eyes would  
Dazzle the eagle, as they clash,  
Which the sun cannot.  
O what powerful brilliancy

She carried. You on both  
Parts think you are to obtain  
To the same perfections.  
O you may think she has  
The same perfection, and do the  
Same. This is the rule,  
The deception. Soon as the  
Wedding ring is given, the  
Rich robes and glittering gold  
Laid aside, she as  
She rises, instead of dressing  
In her rich robe, she goes  
From morning till night  
Slip-shod. O the contrast !

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## ON THE DEATH OF A GODDESS.

O horrible ! horrible ! I saw  
A goddess die ! The fates  
Shrink as she faints,  
Falls and is gone ! O heaven !  
The heart throbs, as if it  
Would break from the  
Thorax. O the agony ! Her  
Flesh was crisping on the embers.  
She raged, she became insane,  
She raised her hands to her  
Head, and from it tore the  
Raven locks, like glittering gilt.  
No more can zephyrs spread  
Them on her marble neck,  
Now by the tempestuous winds  
They are wafted on the main.  
O see here her body has been  
Pierced with glittering spears, and there  
Her side has bled in torrents,  
And from her head the hair has fallen.

O weep ye that have sympathy ;  
O weep for heaven's sake. Two  
Lovely children fell lifeless by  
Their mother's side as they were weeping.

O ! O ! there lies a lovely  
Mother and two harmless  
Children. O how can you but  
Weep ! It is enough to make a savage.

O ! O ! my life, she said,  
What is the cause of my suffering ;  
What have I done to fetch all  
This affliction on me.

She wept for a moment, O  
Great everlasting Benefactor, not  
One unjust deed—preserve  
My children. She murmured.

Be then true to your God,  
Not try to serve God and  
The devil, and cheat both  
By chance may go below.

There are many that can  
Desire, but they cannot desire  
God or the devil. O listen to  
Their groans when they are raging.

O horrible ! it makes a  
Man tremble, it fills his  
Soul with desolation, and the  
Grating of their teeth is awful.

## AN ABOLITION PREACHER.

He in God's holy temple  
Which is on its base seventy  
Seven by thirty, and twelve  
Feet posts, with no ornament.

But there were ornaments in  
The pulpit ; his red face was  
Twisted with his head,  
And his mouth was spread  
From ear and ear.

He stood in a triangular position,  
First on one hand and next on the other ;  
His hands were grasped tight on  
His thorax; only when he  
Was reading his books.

His eyes, like sheeps, did glisten,  
His gestures were with his red face,  
It looked like a ball of fire, or rays  
Of the sun, dazzling his hearer's eyes.

O to hear him talk of this  
Sinful land. O what a wretched  
Class the Americans are, you  
Would think he was an Apostle.

O horrible ! can a man like  
Him rise and say he is chosen to preach.  
O if God noticed him, he blasted  
Him, and threw him to the dust,

He thought there was no  
Church right but his, all  
The rest were going to hell.  
Guilty mind makes one tremble.

O the perfumes that would  
Rise from a strong one, would  
Not be very desirable to those  
That did not belong to their sect.

It is true man can accustom  
Himself to many things. Even  
To live for days breathing  
Liquid ether. O painful!  
With his whining voice and  
Eloquence he closed the worship,  
And left the people in the dark  
Both mental and material.  
He thought the church was  
In hell, except his own. I think  
That he was on the road, going  
With lightning speed.  
He talked much of war ;  
I did not see any of the devils  
Fall in battle ; they now remain  
In peace, for fear of rousing heaven.  
A lion in his slumber is  
Quiet, but when aroused, all  
The beasts tremble at his  
Thundering o'er the earth.  
But instead of the poor abolitionist  
Thundering, he only whined ; and  
Instead of the people trembling,  
They were very much ashamed.

---

### TO A FRIEND.

Emmanuel in heaven lived.  
From heaven fire was stolen  
To set on flames the sulphur  
In hell, to punish the sinner.  
Hannah, my love of the  
East, O once may I come  
Into thy company. O  
The raging tempest separates us.  
The spirit of God manifest  
To me, and his fame in



Raising the dead ; I saw the  
Burning bush whirling over the sea.  
The people of the olden world  
Would have died willingly to have  
Seen him. O that I  
Could see my Italian dame !  
O would that I could break  
Off the sympathies that exist  
Between her and me. O it is  
Impossible as to change our nature.  
There is nothing like a true  
Hearted dame ; I have seen  
Many that are described.  
Give me my Italian of the East.  
O the happiest hours I ever spent  
Were in Paris, with a French  
Dame. What a deceitful goddess.  
Those of that land will so sport and sing.  
O Hannah, reflect for a moment.  
O if there is a person in the world  
That I love, it is thee love. I  
Know nothing of thee. O let me go as  
free as the wind.

---

## THE WISH.

O to heaven that I could  
See you again once more,  
And enjoy thy presence, and  
Kiss thy rosy cheek and cherry lips.  
As Jupiter sparkles, it reminds  
Me of your eyes. Your countenance  
Is an index to your mind, which  
Says you are an affectionate dame.  
As I am roving over the  
Green mountains, it reminds

Me of our last meeting  
In the forest over yonder hill,  
O ye gods and goddess see  
Of heaven. O you might  
Rejoice that you are in the  
Happiness that I am at this moment.  
O think of the last time you  
Were in my presence, did  
You not think of happiness  
When on my thorax you rested your head.  
O as we were walking to the  
North, on Monday, when you  
Kindly spoke to me,  
And told of W—'s marriage.  
O heaven! you exclaimed, what  
Misery that dame is fetching on  
Herself. O would to God that all  
Might remain single—it is their nature.  
O when I saw what had  
Happened on the dame, it made  
Me shudder; those eyes  
That sparkled are now blood shot.  
Horrible! O would she might  
Be free again, relieved from  
This monster's hands, to make  
A better choice for a companion.  
As long as I have been wandering  
On the tempestuous sea, I never  
Have met with a dame that  
I honor as much as I do thee.  
I would suffer my heart to be  
Taken from my thorax, and my  
Soul to float in fire, before I  
Would see thee suffer in my cause.  
O when I am by my table at  
Midnight hour, I often think,

Oh the time which I have  
Spent with the dames of the West.  
O to heaven that I were where  
I saw those gods with the goddesses  
Sing, at the time we last saw  
The conubial bonds made fast.  
O her blooming breast and rosy cheeks  
Made me regret his happiness. All  
Is vanity to them who think  
Of heaven. Give us happiness in heaven.

---

### THEODORAS METRIX.

Rome on her seven hills, near  
Ereates, had temple spires reaching  
To heaven ; within the altars  
Were all gored with human blood.  
Plato's false doctrines are sustained  
In Athens as well as in Rome.  
Infants have been sacrificed  
To the gods, all owing to their  
Belief in religion.

When religion and law  
Were blended together, Athens  
Was prosperous to a certain extent,  
Until sectarianism ruined her.  
This law was made by the priest  
And first on the people, saying,  
It is the will of the gods.  
It is in the cause of  
Religion. See what proselytes has done.

As Theodoras was wandering  
The streets of old Rome, Cass  
By chance espied her, before  
She passed into the basky vale.  
He with his fierce desire pursued  
Her ; near the threshold she

Stopped, as he was walking  
Past, for he saw her beauteous face,  
Her fairy outline and her queenly grace.

---

### H A R M O N .

The mansion looks desolate,  
She looked sad, she had on her  
Morning robe prepared for the  
Domestic duties of the household.

You may be amazed by  
The eloquence of an orator, or  
The reasoning of a Philosopher  
Or the songs of a noble goddess.

Harmon once loved her  
She thought he would  
As long as they lived in  
The connubial state of felicity.

O I had rather die than  
Live in the condition I now  
Am in. The iron hand of hell  
On me rests. O deliver me!

Harmon was a noble man,  
With him I have taken many  
Cups of wine, and to  
Her health he always drank.

Oft times I have heard him in  
Rage, curse and say a  
Woman is a deceitful  
Being. O I honor my dame.

Her noble mansion was  
Provided with beauties  
Her parks were filled with  
All sporting animals.

Her sporting horse was at  
Her command. Servants  
Were to her bidding,

And songs to her amusement.  
O can you with justice  
Condemn Harmon. O reflect,  
See what he did for Frances,  
His fortune spent to amuse her.  
O disguise them not, for thus  
We in this world live truly,  
All for amusement, this  
Be their path to the grave.  
If you wish to defame  
The Gods, O let Homer  
Be with Frances in bearing,  
And honor them for their choice.  
Frances to his mansion  
Went, and Harmon roving  
Went, instead of both loving  
In happiness, they died miserable.

---

### M A R G A R E T .

A Goddess by the name of  
Margaret, with her sceptre in her  
Hand, appeared on the golden  
Deck of a golden ship.  
Her eyes sparkled as she looked  
On many, and when  
She saw her foes advancing  
She stood firm in her attempt.  
She rested on her heart  
The end of her sceptre, all her  
Foes before cause, but two  
Fell—the robust give back ground.  
When she sounded her  
Trumpet all her soldiers  
Appeared from the hills, and  
Throw at her ship to the command.

Stewart worshipped his dame, Frances.  
He as Bacchus the son of Purpiter.  
Was by the Romans in drinking  
Wine to his health from the golden cup.

O to his misfortune he  
Is not as immortal as Bacchus,  
Although he could drink as much  
Wine. This raised his fame at home.

He thinks every one fools  
The same reason a man thinks  
Every one drunk, when he sees  
Them through drunken eyes.

O it makes the blood boil  
In my arteries, to see your  
Insignificant countenance.  
O hide that face from me.

O I should not at this  
Time seek a remedy, that  
You may well need, but  
When will you repent.

O I despise a man who  
Has not independence,  
Such has the blood of an Irishman  
Or American.

I honor all who strive  
For some noble end,  
Will you bow to man,  
And become a slave ?

Into my presence  
Come two noble dames,  
To see neat they received  
The fame that their forefather's gave.

One carried the sparkling  
Eye and the other the  
Rosy cheek, and they felt proud of  
The fame their forefather's gave.

We expect to have from  
The strongest power  
The Goddesses and Dames  
For beauty and men for power.

---

When I entered my  
Cave it was cold as  
Death, it made me  
Tremble as I reflected.  
Cold as a Dame's heart  
After her sister has  
Left her, O she could  
Smile to see him chagrined.  
O this is their disposition  
When you find one  
That is forsaken. They  
Will not let it pass in harmony.

He who respects not the  
Opposite sex, spends his  
Time in wretchedness,  
A lonely child of grief.

He who will spend  
All his time with  
Them in song or the  
Giddy dance, is a fool  
You often impart more  
Knowledge than you  
Obtain. You will find  
Some intelligent Dames.

O they had rather sport  
In the giddy dance,  
And talk of Mars and  
Jupiter, as they view the Heavens.

She into my cave  
Came—and I at  
First scanned her

Looks so fair and bright.  
Her blooming bosom  
Told me she might  
Ask protection of me,  
Tears had dimmed her eye.  
All things appeared now  
Fled the best of it,  
At last the infidel had  
No chance by reason.  
O immortal Socrates  
Arise and let thy wisdom  
Shine abroad to the world  
And felon Christendom.  
All who forsakes his  
Dame is like the sea  
By the tempest raised,  
Or a sage insulted.  
O make the might and  
The raging storm the winds  
And the thunder speak  
To the lofty Heavens.  
So may the rocks and  
Barren plains resound.  
When he cries of the  
Wretched forsaken one,  
Any doctrine that is  
Founded upon religion  
Is the work of Heaven,  
The great first founder.  
The laws are, ere they  
Are broken—good, and they  
Came into being strong  
And were by god created.



## THE HORRORS.

O this night  
I have lain in  
Solitude, and thought  
Of the reasoning of  
Sages. Oh why is it  
All do strain to be  
Seen and see all their  
Own works flourish.  
Others they condemn  
And call them fools,  
Which is as true of  
Themselves. The gods  
And their hell and  
Seven heavens, all  
Has fooled them.  
Who would coincide  
With them in their  
Philosophy? O give me  
None in preference to such  
A philosopher. O it is  
Right that the Jews  
Are sent to distant climes.

---

## ON BRUTUS.

O Brutus! thou art a God of War;  
Thy mighty arm has done  
Deeds of greatness, and thy service  
Was what made Rome happy.  
Thy noble forehead and gigantic mind  
And thy piercing eyes and shaggy  
Brows—all these show that  
Thou was for war and valor.  
Thou hadst rather make Rome  
Miserable for the sake of obtaining

Honor, than to make it free  
And fail to obtain a throne.

O Brutus ! if thou hadst been  
Virtuous as a Washington, thou  
Then might have been glorious.  
Thou deserve condemnation from devils.

Thou wast ambitious—far too much  
For thy own good ; like Bonaparte,  
That had he not been hasty,  
Might have conquered Britain.

Ambition often ruins statesmen  
And warriors. This is what  
Vanquished Brutus, and made  
Eternal Rome most miserable.

Ambition, the loss of that and his  
Friend, and he saw he could not  
Conquer Rome and obtain the  
Throne. He fell a sad victim.

It is hard to say that of  
Brutus. But if Brutus deserves it,  
Brutus deserves it as much. For  
Both made the rich as miserable.

I honor an ambitious man  
As I honor truth and virtue,  
But Brutus was ambitious, but  
Had a noble form and a corrupt heart.

O Brutus was a noble man, he  
Feared not death more than a brute.  
He in his glory was visited by  
The eternal spirits of the earth.

He had rather hold his arm in  
The flaming fire, and see the flesh  
Fall from his bones, and his nerve  
Contract with the fever of death.

If I could weep for any one, it  
Would be for noble Brutus,  
Although he was corrupt in heart,  
I will honor him for his brave soul,

---

### AR MON K E P H.

Armon was like the rising sun  
To the Egyptians, who gave them  
Their light, and as a god  
Was bowed down to and worshipped.  
His mighty mind and his gigantic  
Arm have done great deeds.  
He could traverse the heavens and  
Earth and survey the boundless sea.  
He suffered three fiars to burn,  
And told them if they did not  
Obey the rules and laws they would be  
Sent to an eternal destiny most horrible.  
In battle he was never excelled.  
He has made kings bear him  
Who had warriors and had treasures ;  
He fought for victory and for his kingdom.  
He when obtained for ever reformed  
The laws of the government, both the  
Laws of religion and morals, and  
Justice, he said, should triumph.  
He fought for the benefit of his  
Nation, not for his own gratification.  
In all his battles the divine  
Spirit assisted him to victory.  
He contended against those  
That were mightier than himself ;  
He had rather die in battle, fighting  
For freedom, than to live a slave.  
He himself was a host. He

Had, like Cæsar, courage, and  
Fear he knew nothing of. It  
Would have been bitter to have taught  
him this.

His noble form and his  
Sparkling eyes and his smiling  
Countenance, shady brow  
And his strong muscular arm looked well.

He has many battles won, and  
Lost none. His own nation thought  
Him a god. His bright eyed daughter  
Was worshipped as a goddess.

Long before Moses he labored  
For his nation ; he was  
The wisest of his kingdom,  
And could interpret dreams

The mysteries of earth were  
All in the shade, until the  
Sage came to interpret them  
And make them plain as day.

When he had passed away  
And had died and gone,  
Then Moses came and assumed  
The king of the Egyptians.

Moses, to establish his own fame  
Burnt all before him, then  
Wrote whatever came to his  
Mind from the midst of Heaven.

Moses tells us of many  
Things ; one of creation,  
And then of man and woman,  
How she was taken from his side.

This is what Moses tells us,  
Man slept until all this was  
Done. All this attests that he  
Must have been skilled in surgery

The God of heaven hath e  
Power to select whom he has  
A mind to, and reveal to  
Them what he has a mind.

O ! it is my earnest desire  
That he may be crowned with  
Glory, and coming generations  
Sing his songs of praise.

I trust he is honored above  
By the highest and brightest  
Angels ; and strains of  
Music drop from his golden harp.

---

### ON ATTENDING CHURCH.

O heaven ! of all who protect us,  
From the rising of the sun to the  
Sitting of the same ; on this

Day I saw a noble man :  
Prolonging the service, as  
We are commanded to do.

And there sat a noble  
Christian by the altar of  
God, who was listening  
To the truth as it fell from his lips.

O solitude ! wretchedness !  
I saw in that congregation  
And he produced this by  
His eloquence and power of speech.  
Some that never heard the word  
Of repentance, as he uttered it,  
Trembled at the laws they thought  
Themselves guilty of breaking.

The subject of hell did make  
Them look amazed toward one  
Another, as if they thought  
Themselves innocent of sin.

This is the law of Nature,  
No one ever thought himself  
Guilty of sin. They look on others  
Not as others look on them.

Next came the blood of  
Christ and the holy things  
Which were gathered on the altar  
Around which they all were gathered.

His praise was sung by the  
Noble goddesses of the church.  
He was worshipped both in  
Songs and prayer by all the sages.

Many of them who had served  
In our gallant war, and rejoiced  
In the victories which we obtained  
From that old tyrannical Britain.

There sat those noble sages,  
Who were assembled in  
The house of worship, which was  
Once a house made for the people.

They were from the towering  
Mountains, whose head now  
Reared above the clouds, and from  
The mossy banks and pleasant valleys.

Many of them were from the  
British shores, who left to  
Obtain freedom, and joined  
With the Pilgrims in the victory.

Their heads were silvered over  
With their hoary locks, and  
Their brows were covered  
With laurels of kingdom come.

Their furrowed cheeks and their  
Sunk eyes, their countenance  
Struck terror to my soul,  
Until I thought they fought for freedom.

They had that love for freedom,  
For the freedom of the Spring,  
That they had rather die than  
To live and die at last a slave.  
He, with his gigantic mind, did  
Command them to repent this  
Day. For who knoweth but to-morrow  
May bring forth the Son of God.

---

### THE RIDE.

He with me did  
Rush with his fiery  
Steeds, when mine  
Was bounding on.  
O he passed me, and  
Seized my friend,  
And before me drew  
The glittering spear.  
Down the rugged cliff  
He drove the spirited  
Steeds in haste, while  
Mine were bounding.  
I held his head, so  
He could not run  
Without my wish,  
I had not time to relieve him.  
I could not stop him ; his  
Steeds were at their  
Greatest speed, which  
Was not his intent.  
He was a stranger,  
I thought he was  
A friend. He was  
Seeking for revenge.  
I did the same to  
Him as he did to

Me. He had wealth  
Yet he was despised.

He thought he was  
Great. I despised  
Him worse than  
The infernal spirits.

He took the life of  
The fairest dame  
That America ever  
Afforded, and the best of Greece.

I had not driven  
My steeds this day  
For sport. You are  
The scoundrel who caused her death.

O ! you must die.  
O it is horrible for  
One like you to  
Die. O ! you must die !.

Now weep and bid  
Your friends farewell.  
O make your  
Last and eternal prayer.

You without a  
Cause on me did  
Rush, and not let'  
Me know your invasion.

The gods of heaven say  
You ought to die.  
Die ! yes die and fall  
To the vaults of Tartarus.

And cooled by the  
Winds of Erebus,  
Pricked by the spears dipped  
In the flaming sulphur.



O! is this too much;  
How can it be too much.  
There cannot be too great  
Punishment sent to him,

---

## ON AUTUMN.

The blasts of Autumn  
On me this morn  
Fell. They made me  
Shudder. They caused  
The blood in my arteries  
To stand. It stood until I was aroused  
By the spirits of life, a  
Spirit more noble than  
You, my noble lord.  
Yea, they were noble spirits.  
Ireland never had better,  
Excepting Daniel O'Connell,  
The best in the world.  
Would to heaven that he  
May obtain Ireland's rights.  
The different shades autumn  
Brings on the forest. There  
Is such a contrast in  
Man's condition, from  
Summer to autumn,  
Wherein man is first in  
Pleasure. Autumn makes  
Him tremble, in fear  
His dame may suffer.  
O happy is the man  
Who has no care of *one*.  
To different climes he may  
Rove and view the wisest  
Sages in the world. If he  
Is honored at his cottage  
As Diana was honored

At Ephesus the most !  
Why ought we not  
Honor the Sage of Ireland  
The most of any one  
In the world ? What  
Eloquence excelled  
His ? Demosthenes'  
Olympian Oration, or  
Cicero's against Cataline  
Only equalled his.  
As I this morning  
Was dividing my  
Inmost thoughts,  
And was driving  
My fiery steed on  
The great high road,  
I reflected ! O I  
Must honor the  
Great Daniel O'Connell !

---

### THE VISIT.

Like flying clouds  
I rushed at the speed  
Of lightning, and  
Drove my fiery steed  
Up to her gate,  
I saw ten thousand  
Armed soldiers stand  
All ready for the battle  
Field, and were prepared  
For fight. No one  
Appeared to oppose him.  
Their general saw  
His eye. He did'nt  
First meet him ;  
On the distant hills  
We heard his voice

He had learned his  
Fame, and the songs  
Sung to his praise.  
They blushed with shame  
When they spoke against  
Him. What they could  
Say could do no  
Harm. O let the  
Marble that over his bones  
Stands give and  
Proclaim his fame.  
He is a noble sage,  
He never had honor  
Done him, and many  
Try to defame him.  
He wrought a work  
That never was excelled.  
No harm is it to him  
To drink and get drunk.

---

## ABSURDITIES.

God, wise, good, just  
And most benevolent,  
Never forsook man  
And sent him to hell!

We are told this did  
Not please him,  
Although we disobeyed  
And strove for death.

As the blood by the  
Heart is thrown, and  
On that depends the vital  
Parts, so do we depend  
On Him, and Him  
Alone. On no other

Source can we rest,  
But on the God of Nature.

Some say he is a  
Jealous God. Jealous  
Of his own works,  
And cannot rule them.

O what would you  
Think of One who  
Would say, He had  
No dominion over us.

Who is so wise as to  
Prove that man has  
Three souls, all destined  
For Heaven or Tartarus.

Some worship the  
Images of serpents,  
And think that all  
Plagues are sent by God.

All claim blessings  
Of heaven, and each  
One condemning God's  
All wise administration.  
All works are in honor  
Of and p'ease the Great  
Law-Giver. And here  
He has established his courts.

## A F R A G M E N T .

I saw him where the  
Devils of the infernal  
Regions would blush to  
Be caught. Yea they  
Would fall their  
Faces on the ground  
And hide their heads.  
He was a law-giver,  
Pleading his cause at the  
Sessions, at the bar of justice.

When they came from the  
Lower house to plead,  
They were to plead out of court,  
They had no shame. This  
Is the first time I ever  
Saw or heard of a devil being  
Ashamed to meet his  
Fellow in the whole court,  
With such scorn on his face.

He plead—but he plead  
In vain. He was a noble  
Lord. He looked sad!  
Sad as a Roman citizen  
When he has lost his  
Friend, and listens to the  
Lamentable songs of the  
Funeral rites they would  
Sing. He may sing as they  
March on, the trumpet of joy.

## THE MAD MAN.

He returned sad  
And he looked mad,  
And then on me did spring,  
And I with sceptre of faith  
Defended myself, as one  
By one did spring, I  
Thrust my sceptre, but  
I did not stain it with  
Their corrupt blood and spirit.

They boasted of their power.  
Fools! they were. they had  
No courage. The rows of  
Armed soldiers would  
Make them faint and  
Drop their arms in battle,  
O what brave men! Such  
Men would have gained  
America her independence.

He travelled with me.  
When in solitude retired  
He spoke of his contest;  
You would have wept to have  
Heard him plead against  
Devils in a vicious cause  
At the bar. It was enough  
To make a man swear  
That he will strive against the devil.

## THE FALLEN GODDESS.

O look—see her  
Falling into the vortex  
Of Tartarius, to find  
Her rest in flames  
That arise from  
Burning sulphur,  
And cooled by the  
Wind of old Erebus.  
She raised her head  
To see the golden  
Chain that from heaven  
To earth extended. O !  
She miss'd it, and  
Fell—fell—fell so far  
She never rose again.  
But her groan was  
Heard to the gods of  
Heaven. Now her name  
No more is heard on  
Earth. She is  
A fallen goddess,  
Like some who could  
The righteous defame  
To accomplish their desire ;  
Who are guilty of the  
Crime themselves—to  
Relieve themselves from  
The curse they steal  
The testimony from the  
Righteous, and say they  
Have good authority.  
It is the same with  
This noble dame.  
She was the fairest of

Her sex, and by sages  
She was admired  
And fools could not  
Obtain her company.  
She was despised  
By no one, and  
Chose her company.

---

## A DOLEFUL LOVER.

The woes of love are  
Amasing. Susan's heart  
This night was broken.  
Ah! sad night with her.  
As the bee sipped the  
Sweet perfume on Plato's  
Lips, so he drank  
Sweetness from her rosy cheek.

I would not raise  
My cheek to meet  
With any other one,  
Even an angel from heaven.

He had a rival, a  
Dame from Spain had  
Fetched him. He was  
Adored by her much.

And then she clung  
To the second one,  
Which raised the scorn  
Of him to the highest.

The house that enclosed  
Her was her fathers. He  
Had no rest—his face  
Was pale. His eye was dim.



O he looked like death.  
He spoke. O ! for heaven's sake  
Forgive this dame  
Forgive my dear Minerva.

She wept. You have committed  
This crime before ; you  
Cannot enter my mansion  
Door, or drink with me.

From your hand I first  
Received the cup. I thought  
It was right for me to drink  
Your health. It was custom.

They complied with the thought ;  
She with a taper directed  
Him to the room where  
Drink was to be found.

The lord looked to  
Some one more noble.  
He scorned to contend  
With such a rival.

The happiest hour I  
Ever spent with counsellors,  
Was with this lord and  
Socrates on Britain's Isle.

The night I met him  
He had just returned  
From the wine, where  
He had been with the tempter.

He spoke of Varia and  
Of the pleasure he had with  
Saricatus, who proposed coming  
To Ireland with him.

In this town he spent  
Much time. He wrote

Part of his work in Varna,  
Of the little history of Turkey.

He on his return from  
The Egyptian ruins, spoke  
Of Athen's crumbling walls  
Which all were silent.

O where are the ancient  
Gods that used to be worshipped  
In the crumbling towers  
Of those old mossy temples.

He on his golden chest  
Sat, and on his hand rested  
His head and wept. Wept for  
Athen's misfortunes, that she felt.

O is it possible that she from  
That high state has fallen?  
If I had not seen it, I  
Would not believe it possible.

We must credit history;  
We have no records to  
Date it. It is reasonable  
To some that we should.

For they do swear by the  
Sage Sparo, that Daniel  
Was in the lion's den;  
We ought not to dispute it.

These are the sentiments of  
Lord Baldwin, whom from  
Varna returned. I have  
But one hope, that's truth.

O it would make me  
Weep to hear him talk  
Of religion. It would make  
An infidel tremble.

He died. His fame  
Was buried beneath the  
Marble that covered his bones  
And his spirit was gone.

---

## ONE IDEA.

He was a great man,  
By some called wise ;  
He thought all things  
Were comprehended in  
One principle,—law,  
Medicine and divinity,  
All the sciences, was  
Comprehended in Abolition ;  
He had but one idea,  
And that was on the  
Point. He had audacity  
To call his countrymen  
And preach to them.  
They in respect would  
Listen to his insults on  
American law-givers,  
He thought that they all  
Were fools, and he  
Was the only wise man.  
Sitting himself up as  
A sage with only one  
Idea.

## THE BEAUTY.

As I was on an eminence  
Under the lofty pine, and  
Was sitting, I thought I  
Saw the blooming form  
Of her of the sparkling  
Eye and rosy cheek  
In her father's window ;  
And still farther, I saw  
The towering temples  
Of the village, where the  
Sacred Gospel was  
Preached. I saw her  
Pleading for many woes.  
I wept for her misfortunes ;  
I had a cause to weep.  
She for her forsaken  
Lover wept, who had  
Proved treacherous and  
Forsaken her ! O she  
Swore an eternal  
Curse upon him, and  
Then left him in disgust.  
Next I saw her in  
The giddy dance  
And drank the  
Finest wine from Paris.  
She sung me the song  
That aroused me from  
Solitude after I  
Had been reasoning with  
The bigots. They had  
Rather believe in the  
Legends than in  
The truth. Then she

On the ocean was  
Sent, with her black  
Hair in ringlets hanging  
On her markle neck.  
She looked the best that  
I ever had seen her.  
From Athens or Varna  
She came. Her eye  
Was the brightest and  
The most intelligent in  
Its look. When she  
Had heard all, she  
Sat down and wept.

---

## THE POET.

An insane and love-sick poet  
And a vile and deluded pastor  
And a bigotted priest  
Are amusement for a sage.

Then listen to me in  
Candor, as one arises,  
As before a judge,  
With his lofty eloquence.

He will turn them  
From the truth, and  
Make them believe that  
All that is said is true.

I have burnt more than  
Twelve thousand lines  
That from my pen have  
Flowed like liquid honey.

Some may think it  
Would have been better  
That I had burnt in  
Tartarius than to have written.

O one may on this  
Work reflect, and look  
For something more ;  
Yea, find something new.

Many priests and orators  
Speak for money. Where  
Can you find a man  
Of fame who writes for wealth.

Do not let wealth be  
Your desire, but let  
Honor and fame be  
Your care for ever.

---

### THE BEAUTIFUL DAME.

O Dame of Varna !  
This day we do part,  
O give me, O give me  
Thy heart. I am dying.

O take my sacred word,  
Given as to a goddess.  
You are the fairest dame  
I ever found in Italy.

From Winden to your  
Noble city I have roved,  
But I never saw any that  
Were more beautiful than thou.

Mars is beautiful. I  
Admire thee more than  
Venus or Jupiter when  
They appear in their brightness.

O by the sacred gods  
Virtan, I love thee, I  
Love my love, and you  
Are the most lovely dame.

O I think, O I think of  
The time when we were  
Wafted by the breeze on  
The wild and rolling waves.

The unruly terrible water  
Did not much exercise thee.  
Thou heardest the waves roar  
And it was a pleasing sight.

Once in Athens I  
Saw a goddess that  
Bore you resemblance.  
O it was not Mary.

Your eyes are more  
Brilliant than Vesta  
Expresses—more keen  
Than any I ever met.

To thee with the rest  
I must bid adieu.  
O my sacred love !  
I love above all others.

O take this ; and keep  
My solemn vow until  
I return from America,  
That land of freedom.

## A VISION.

I saw this eve an  
Angel form of the  
Concave heavens formed  
By luminous clouds.  
It was as bright as Mars. ;  
In an arch I saw  
The form of a noble goddess ;  
In her hand she held the  
Golden chain, that from  
Third heavens extended,  
Where Justice sits. It looked  
As if he had sent  
Her to the world too  
Soon to show the  
People her noble works.  
She disappeared—she  
Faded away. No more  
Was she seen, but  
The luminous bow still  
Did span the whole  
Concave canopy.  
With an eagle's ease  
She soared away through  
The dense clouds, and  
The rays of the noon day  
Sun would not dazzle  
Her beautiful eye.  
She could reason and  
Converse with those that  
Were nothing but slaves,  
And then could arise  
To a throne, and there  
Be worshipped by angels,  
And sound her sacred



Harp in glory and light;  
All in silence  
Would listen to her  
Songs when she touched  
The lyre. Wandering on,  
The dame I espied at the  
Midnight hour alone ;  
No one to accompany  
You in your visit, may  
See muses in the heavens,  
And as you look at  
Your feet, find horror mixed  
With pleasure. Yet after  
All, all is fleet. There is  
No happiness.

---

### THE BARD.

He touched his lyre, and  
All the angels stood amazed  
And some trembled.  
He himself did weep  
To think he had no equal  
In his own kingdom.  
O then he arose, and  
With his great eloquence  
Astonished them. The  
Gods of Italy with their  
Mighty arms and golden  
Chains, which link virtue,  
Love and Harmony, did  
Look amazed. He saved  
The drunkard from shame,  
But he repented. Repented  
Of what ? He left his cups,

He could not write without  
He drank. I have been  
To his room when I  
Found him writing, but  
Could not walk. His  
Wit was then the best.  
He needed to be half  
Drunk to bring his  
Dormant energies to bear.  
He was like a lion in  
Slumber—when aroused  
He made all around  
Him tremble.  
He has roved to different  
Climes, from Egypt to  
China. Wherever he  
Spoke, all before him  
That had the power of  
Understanding did fall  
Or tremble exceedingly.  
Some worshipped him  
As a god.  
But at last he died,  
As all men must  
Die once. He  
Died happy, and  
Drank while living  
At all the fountains  
Of knowledge, and yet  
Died drunk—drunk  
In great wisdom.

## THE TRAVEL.

As Pallas was discovered  
At Saxony, whose office  
Is to travel through the  
World to meet with  
Immortal sages, in  
India and other places.  
He had an eye that  
Looked like fire ;  
It would dazzle any  
Mortal man's eye.  
It was much brighter  
Than Mars or Jupiter,  
As Jupiter stands the  
Highest in the Solar System,  
This sage was the wisest  
In India.  
Pallas is oftentimes  
Accompanied by Juno,  
Travelling through the  
Unbounded regions  
Which by man never  
Was thought of,  
And waving plumes as  
They by them pass  
By comparing them to  
Ourselves. O what is  
More noble, more beautiful  
And more to be desired  
Than to travel with  
Pallas and Juno !  
If I could have a  
Car from heaven sent,  
That I could ride with  
Juno, I would leave this

Vain earth of ours, and  
Would not weep, but rejoice,  
When I took my exit,  
Having faith that I  
Could have all the  
Heart of man could  
Desire. Better dames  
And wiser sages, and  
More noble times and  
Better lyres than this  
Earth ever afforded.  
O it would be like  
Paradise, where you can  
See the traveller from heaven,  
Where you can converse  
With the goddesses and listen  
To the songs that is sent  
From the sacred harps.  
From Juno to Jupiter  
You might go. You would  
Not find satisfaction  
If you should run  
Trembling on a thousand  
Years. You would wish  
To see different worlds,  
O let us be contented  
With this world until  
We are called to the next.  
Heaven will save you,  
Live to his law, and  
Receive his blessings,  
And not call them  
Curses, for he is just,  
Holy and divine.  
Such a being cannot  
Send curses on man,  
You, if you will only

Look, can see his arm  
Of charity over your rest,  
And around you the golden  
Chain of his protection is  
Stretched by his Almighty  
Love. All the infernals  
Cannot break it, and  
All the tears of hell cannot  
Dissolve it.

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## THE MURDERER.

I saw him resting  
Himself under the  
Forest tree, his head  
On a panther's hide.

He heard a shriek. It  
Sounded as if it was  
At a great distance. It  
Sounded like a dying man.

He was arrested. He  
Sprung to his feet ;  
He seized his weapons  
Of war for fight.

When he to the sound  
Came, he heard the  
Savage in his barbarous  
Act. But oh ! too late.

O what a sight !  
His glittering dagger

Was in her heart.  
She was breathing her last.

He heard her last  
Groan. He saw her  
Sparkling eye as he  
Came and saw her weep.

O this put him in a  
Rage. He plunged his  
Spear to his heart,  
He fell dead—he did.

He groaned as he fell.  
It was enough to make  
An infidel tremble.  
O the guilty wretch.

This was his lovely  
Dame. He never could  
Forget her last shriek,  
Nor the looks she gave.

O after this he was  
Miserable. He died  
Miserable. He was  
Guilty of a crime.

## ON THE DEATH OF DEASON.

The first I saw of him was on  
His death-bed—his surgeon standing  
By his side, and his assistant  
Students gaining instruction.

His disease was fatal, but he was  
Befriended by physicians, to be  
Depended on for their skill, as  
Many thought for themselves.

Thus our country physicians, with  
Little practice in surgery,  
He proposed calling a surgeon  
From the city to perform the operation.

All the others say, the moment had  
Passed, and the umbilical ring  
Before the intestine nerves. And it is  
Natural to suppose that the intestine passed

The operation was now performed by  
The surgeon, and it proved fatal,  
For the nerves were contracted by this,  
And this stopped all circulation in the parts

O heaven, could I only express the  
Sympathy that his own bosom friend  
Felt for him as she stood by his bed-side,  
She saw him in pain and she mourned.

There stood his lovely daughter,  
Young in years, the only daughter  
He had to mourn and weep with  
Heart-felt affliction the noble departed.

He was a child of God and God's  
Servant. He was first in church,  
First to assist the poor, and first  
To provide for the fatherless child.

His society was sought for  
Both by the high and low.  
His counsel was great in the  
Affairs of state and equity.

It appears to all that knew him,  
When counsel was obtained,  
He attracted the attention of angels,  
When they were abroad in the realms of  
space.

O solitude ! O world of sorrows !  
O generation of sages ! may  
You all pass away before we could  
Suffer this man to leave us.

I had rather serve a master in  
Chains and die a slave, than to have  
This man leave the society  
Of my christian friends at home.

O he has gone to his account,  
Where he was received as an only  
Child--at the right hand of Power,  
And lulled by the harps of heaven.

Who would not leave this world  
To obtain the world above  
In all its splendor, and the holy  
Breeze which rises from the sea of life.

O it is well that you know  
Not his love for you, O friends !  
He had rather keep it in his  
Own breast—for that you might grieve.



Your soul would be lost in  
Solitude ; your mind would not  
Lament on any thing but this misfortune,  
And rejoices over his happiness.

I had rather die a sage and  
Christian than a kingly infidel.  
The latter feels that his soul  
Must be wafted by the winds of Erubus.

To die a christian is a noble death,  
But to die an infidel is worse than  
The death of a slave. We know  
The abode of him is the cave of hell !

Ah ! the word hell is enough to  
Make a man repent. Ah ! the word re-  
pent  
Too sounds hard and sorrowful  
On the minds of youth.

Hark ! ye war-like angels  
Of Paradise ! Listen to the  
Eloquence of the General. May  
All my gallant men stand  
Around, and my gallant soldiers ;  
As for counsel, he never was  
Excelled. Ah ! he has fought  
The foaming spirits of Erebus,  
And cursed the gallant artillery  
Of the skies. To rise to his  
Command, what could be done  
More than this by man.  
It is not expected for a  
Man to raise the dead  
Without the help of the Lord.  
He has saved the minds of  
The saints, and made  
Packenham yield to his  
Command. Thus the soldiers  
Of the British army cowered at  
New Orleans. This made  
Britain grieve, when she saw  
The raging lion conquered  
And fall harmless by the eagle,  
Who after battle soared into  
The boundless realms of heaven.  
Who could then sympathise  
And shed the scalding tear  
Over the nerveless lion,  
But in return would  
Render death if he could  
Save himself. Ah ! yes, yes,  
To see him go to his home,  
He with his mighty thundering  
And flashing eyes did not

Frighten the eagle. Ah, no !  
He said, stop ; and looking  
Down on him with scorn.  
It was by such treatment  
And such fighting as this,  
We gained our independence.  
Jackson, with his mighty arm,  
Has done deeds of wrath.  
Could Greece or Rome  
Produce as great. And such  
Great men, who were skilled  
In war and versed in the  
Laws and arts of nations,  
Who could go to the Senate  
Halls and make laws, and preside  
As president of the nation.  
Then in time of war could  
Wield the sword against  
Britain's frowning subjects.  
He served his people and  
He served his God.  
Read deep in love and skilled  
In war, like Cæsar he was great,  
And like good Cincinnatus,  
He labored for his country.

JULY 4th.

## ON THE ORATOR OF THE DAY.

When first I saw  
The Orator of the day,  
He was a noble man  
And had a gigantic mind.

He told us much of war, the  
Victory we had obtained, and  
The trials of our forefathers  
And the acknowledgments we owe our  
God.

Not like Cicero, who could  
Sway all the Senate of Rome,  
Nor like Cæsar, who could  
Conquer all by his sword.

But more like Cincinnatus.  
In counsel he was great  
Eloquent he had a desire,  
But no language to sustain it.

O this man is to be thanked, not  
For his eloquence, but what he  
Reminds us of, that had been  
Told us by our forefathers.

Next came the musicians with  
Their tuned instruments. They  
Gave praise to the gods by playing  
Songs to them and their golden thrones.

From thence they marched to the grove,  
Where the table was placed for their

Refreshment. They feasted on pies  
And cakes, instead of loaves and fishes.

I thought those that prepared the  
Place were some Roman or Egyptian  
Soldiers, for they after their mode  
Ate with their fingers.

Some thought this was Parad'so,  
Some others thought 'twas hell.  
Thus you can see a contrast,  
Who was pleased and who was not.

O what must I say next ;  
That lovely dame, her sparkling  
Eyes and glistening ringlets,  
Which rested on her marble neck.

Who in any other place  
Would not think of taking  
A leg of mutton. She would  
Scorn it as degrading.

Thus you can see what form  
Will do in society. They  
Will fully understand the gamut  
Or suffer to be in the flames.

Say nothing of form, only of one  
Dame, she like a goddess which  
I think I have seen in my dream,  
A brighter eye than her's I never saw.

There was another, dreamy and  
Flashing ; she was dressed in the  
Richest robe decked in gold.  
She carried a treacherous spirit.

O heaven, would to the God of Eloquence  
I could describe the fair dame ;

Her eyes would sparkle like  
Jupiter, her countenance like Venus.

As she was playing the giddy  
Dance on the marble floor,  
She bore such a pleasant face,  
The God of Reason could not condemn her

Her golden locks which hung in ringlets  
On her blooming breast ; her eyes  
Did express sympathy for her friends,  
As she was beautiful she was rude.

## CHARLES.

O Charles come,  
For heaven's sake come,  
I feel as if I were in  
The vaults of Erebus  
And the sulphur running  
From my face. Come,  
Mercy, look as it burns  
My face as it runs,

O I saw him ; he is  
Noble as Cæsar ! If  
Cæsar were living I  
Would call him Cæsar.  
Cæsar ! O Cæsar is  
Dead, but his name will  
Never die—die, no not  
As long as immortality endures.

He of you spoke, and spake  
In terms of honor. O  
Now assist me ! Come  
As an armed soldier,  
In blood to your arms,  
If it is necessary. I  
Think he is a coward ; his  
Eye sparkles not ! O he trembles !

O I could carry his heart  
On my glittering sceptre.  
He has insulted me—he  
Has no honor. O let him do  
No more harm. O let him  
Die in his own blood,  
And fall into his own grave.

I found him in his cottage  
On the mahogany sofa  
Sitting in grief. O! sad is the  
Message to him. He was weeping  
Down the rosy cheek I saw  
The tear rolling. I of her  
Did ask the cause, but  
They refused to answer me.

He fell, and she by his side  
Stood and wept and sighed.  
She was affected to the extent,  
She could take his life  
'To thank the gods she was  
Not such a fool, to weep for  
Him who has no fame.

O I say, let him fall; I say  
Let him fall. He has wronged  
All he can. He has wealth,  
But he has no honor.  
Let him wander then even  
To the vortex of destruction.  
He rewards virtue and honor.

O let his eyes be taken  
From his head, which is  
On fire, and his heart from  
His breast torn, and to the  
Waves cast, for the feasting of  
The monsters of the deep; his  
Blood they will sup with joy

She found his words  
To be false, and his  
Words made her think  
He was true. O he  
Looked on her rosy cheek



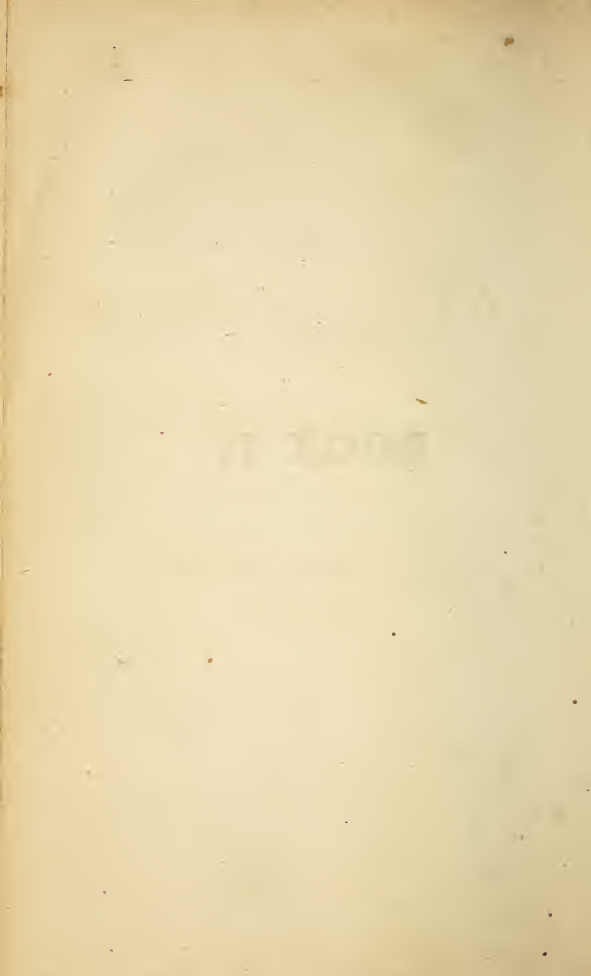
And saw the index of love. O  
It was what the black devils  
Might call sin and deceitfulness.

O if that fountain  
Becomes corrupt, it is  
Not blood that the devils  
Go for, they cannot be  
Happier in honor or  
In paradise. Let her  
Come if she will  
For he is miserable.

END OF BOOK I.



BOOK II.



# AFRICANUS.

A DRAMA.

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## **Dramatis Personæ.**

AFRICANUS.

DASHVOR.

CLOTENUS.

CHARLES OF THE WEST.

&c. &c. &c.

1711

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# AFRICANUS.

## A DRAMA.

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### AFRICANUS.

O the glittering blade, the  
Banner and the shield, with  
The brilliant caskets that were  
Ever found by the craftiest  
Chinese. And he with  
His mighty hand waved  
The banner over them,  
And over this glorious  
Nation ; and prays for  
The richest blessings.  
And on fair Narvis's blooming  
Breast he placed the sparkling  
Casket. As she moved, it  
Dazzled the eyes of those  
Around her, as Jupiter  
Does the arch-angels of  
Heaven. Last night I  
Heard him speak of  
His fair Narvis, and marked  
His words. All was  
Calm, as if all creation  
Slumbered. By the  
Golden chain that across  
The sacred heavens concave  
Was stretched this night  
Reaching into the vaults of

Hell. There you could  
See them contriving a  
Plan to cut the chain and  
Let him down into the deep  
And bottomless pit.  
It is a shame he fell ;  
But he did, and all  
The devils then arose,  
And all the angels on him  
Smiled and sounded the  
Trumpets and the harps  
When he returned.  
This was seen by mortal  
Eyes, as they viewed from  
Mount Sinai.

## DASHVOR.

The works of God are wonderful,  
But I do not believe all  
You have said. But he  
Has the power to fill the  
Heavens with electric fire,  
And stop all the rolling  
Works, and take from us  
The rays of the radiant sun,  
Turn all the mighty main  
Into inhabited cities,  
Convert sinners into just  
Men, and cause to appear  
Before him all the  
Glittering throng of holy  
Angels, and from east and  
West, and create moving  
Beings from nothing, or out  
Of the dust bring forth  
Man. O sons of Europe !  
Sons of America, and



All nations of men  
Reflect on this—and  
See what you are, and  
What you may yet be !  
O see his power !  
In hell binding the Devil  
At his will. In Heaven  
Ruling as king. O you  
Should praise him for  
His mighty power and  
His great works. It is  
Out of the power of mortals  
To behold him. It was  
By him protracted, as  
Quick as if he was struck  
With a thunder bolt of the  
Skies—a sight of him would  
Do this.

## CLOTINUS.

My axe is sharp—it was  
Ground on the rock of  
Wrath—it was polished  
By the Gods of war—it  
Was tempered by the  
Electricity from the  
Laboratory of Heaven,  
And sealed by the  
Great seal which stamps  
The gates of Hell.  
No fire can change  
The temper of this  
Weapon. If thy arm  
Is strong it is sufficient  
To contend against the  
Devils of Tartarus—  
O I am prepared for

War. Jupiter is in his  
Full glory, see how he  
Glistens.  
The moon does not  
Refuse its light, the  
Lyres are not silent, all is  
In our favor. Let us  
This night go. Soon we  
Shall have a storm.  
See how the day star  
Looks—the air is light  
The smoke falls. All  
Is in our favor. If we  
Wait until the storm comes  
On we shall fail. O for  
Heaven's sake let us go,  
I beseech you without  
Delay, let us go—go  
This night. Let me  
See you with the fair  
Dames of Varna,  
In this frozen region  
Gliding on the white  
Bosom of this holy  
Land. After she  
Returned from the  
Holy land, where sages  
Have fallen. O there  
Is no traveler to proclaim  
Their fame.  
As worlds on worlds are  
Striving for, have moved  
Away like inconstant  
Things, yet you can see  
The works of God are  
Still firm and changeless.  
O see that man, if

He is suffered to be  
Called a man. O see  
His grave countenance,  
His deep eyes. His sharp  
Face, small hand, his  
Dark ringlets hung around  
His expressive brow.  
O England! fair and  
Noble land—your sages will  
Be remembered to all  
Coming time. Milton's  
Sacred rhymes are enough  
To make England immortal,  
Leaving out Lord Byron the  
Immortal poet.  
It is out of the power of  
The infernal Devils to  
Immolate him. Are  
They not next to Greece  
And Rome in the point  
Of literature. We must  
Make some allowance  
When Homer and Socrates  
Wrote. You may think you  
Have greater men than  
They were. You have had  
The foundation to build  
Upon. You ought to  
Have made some allowance.  
O ye Gods of Italy! Speak,  
Let every one praise and  
Own his own nation,  
And ever love her.  
England has her faults  
As well as other nations,  
No one is perfect. The  
Protestants are guilty of

Some horrible crimes, as  
Well as the Roman Catholics.  
Condemn them not but make  
Them better.

## CHARLES OF THE WEST.

Last night I saw the  
Glittering spear over his  
Shoulder placed. They  
Spoke stop! Your writing  
Or we will thrust you through  
I care not for your threats,  
I am guarded against  
Infernal Devils. He turned  
His glittering edge toward  
Heaven and spoke. O hast  
Thou left me?  
Then he on the trackless  
Rolling, glittering, sparkling,  
Sacred main, went as  
Though he had seen some  
Infernal devils slumbering  
By their posts. O who  
Who would desire to see the  
Sages of London or Dublin  
O stop take to you that  
Fair Dame. Seek for no  
More wisdom. I think  
That you are insane,  
I know you are a fool,  
I advise you as you hear  
Me, it is your duty to  
Obtain all the knowledge  
You can. See Africanus  
Obtained knowledge from those  
Like you, if they are fools.

CHARLES,

If one could hear you  
And not see you, they  
Might think you wise,  
And great as Typhano,  
Who found a resting place  
Under Mount Ætna,  
Or Typhon, who had  
The power to make  
Jupiter tremble, and  
Wise Minerva if he  
Did groan because  
Jupiter did consider  
Minerva, if Juno was  
The orator. O take  
From me this thirsty  
Wolf, he is gaping  
For my blood. O take  
Him, take him away!  
Hurl him to Tartarus,  
Even that is too good  
For the wretch. O see  
The Goddess of that  
Golden ship, one  
Pointing towards Jupiter,  
And the other buried  
In the deep rolling waves  
While her golden breast  
Is dashing against the  
Angry waves, and running  
Beneath the waves three  
Cables deep, and next  
Arising until you can  
Inscribe your name on  
The concave heavens, decked  
With the noblest Goddesses of  
Europe, singing the merry

Songs of joy. Thinking it  
Is impossible to sink  
There in the polluted Uxine  
For thy war pilotted by  
The God of the Seas !  
He could calm the tempter,  
It was pleasure for them  
To ride thus. The higher  
They were, the plainer the  
Songs that were sent forth  
From the lyre of Heaven  
Were heard. O give me  
The ship.  
It is heaven on sea, not  
On earth.  
Next the God of Nature, in  
The interest she manifested,  
Who builds its towers, and  
Lays up its treasures in the  
Rugged oaks or the hemlock;  
As they on the towering hill  
Bow to the tempest.  
The God of Nature protects  
Them as they are rocked.  
All is calm, the tempest is  
O'er. No one is lost in  
Devastation, no one trembles  
In fear of hell—no one  
Mourns because they have  
Not got to heaven, for  
All is corrupt—heaven  
Is polluted by the inferior  
Gods. They stained the path  
As they wandered to the  
Vaults of hell. Let none  
Chose, for those have  
Been purified that they might  
Walk with clean feet on

The golden road to the gates  
Of heaven. They were thrown  
Into the fire to try their  
Virtue, as you would gold.  
Many have been set free,  
For they by traitors were  
Condemned, and sent to the  
Vaults of hell, while they  
Were innocent.

## MURETHO OF EGYPT.

You astonish me, your  
Imagination is great. I  
Can see your whole form  
In words that you have  
Wrote. When I have raised  
My eye to the vaults of heaven  
I have seen the Gods  
Consulting. What power  
Will we have in coming  
Time. I have seen the  
Names of many inscribed  
On the pyramids of Egypt,  
And seen the halls where  
The sacred gods have sat,  
And paid pounds to  
Treacherous goddess, and  
Have seen them turn away  
Their faces with shame from  
Their lovers, and turn again  
And speak of love, and wipe  
From their eyes the false  
Tears of affection. O! it  
Seemed to me there was  
No more than one God.  
The dames have one to  
Accomplish their desire.

What they pray for they  
Have. If there is only  
One God, then he is  
The author of good and evil ;  
We have the scripture for  
Our proof.

HANSON.

I have the fairest  
Relations in this town ;  
The wealthiest of all the  
Graduates of Ohio College,  
And belong to the  
Abolition section of  
Society. O she is fair !  
And I am the best  
To sustain her.

HONERUS.

O you brag much,  
But you have not  
The testimony that you  
Say you have. She sprung  
From the lowest end of  
Nothing. You the same.  
I had rather converse  
With the infernal devils  
Than with you, for you  
Are so mean, you have  
No principles of morality ;  
All you have to boast  
Of is your relations.  
Many may fight for that  
Which they know is false,  
To make their relations  
Think its true. Your  
Sister, you from what



I said about her, think  
Is true. She is not ;  
She was far from that.  
If he did promise to  
Have her, she was corrupt  
As he was. She did it  
To get him ; it cost  
Her much ; she was  
Used to it. She found  
Him on the packet, and  
He proclaimed her good  
To all, yet she was broken  
Hearted, and she bared  
Her blooming cheek, which  
Glistened with paint and  
The best perfume. I call  
Her not his goddess.

## TIMOTHY.

There is no harm in this,  
But I would die before  
I would boast such a sister.  
She is worse than the one  
That wore the black veil.  
I have seen her coming from  
The classic halls ; her eyes  
Did sparkle, her best  
Relation was as bold as  
A Roman warrior ; she  
Was corrupt as the Egyptian  
Harlots. Is this consistent  
With holy saints ? She has  
A great estate, and some of  
Her friends, as well as Timon,  
Arose in fame. It is no  
Harm to cast from him  
The Athenians and the

Chinese do it for excitement  
On it, they think no harm  
Of it, but if they get drunk  
On wine they are condemned.  
If water is turned into  
Wine, this is a sacred  
Act, but if it be made  
Of grapes, it is wrong to  
Drink it. Horace was  
A lover without wine,  
But a sage with it.  
Is this astonishment?

## THEOPHILUS.

The weapon of death  
Was raised above him  
As he laid on the ground.  
As it was directed to his  
Heart, a friend by his  
Side turned it from him  
And raised a weapon of  
Defence. He acted his  
Part like a brave soldier ;  
He fought for his country,  
For the liberty of his own  
Race. O many a night  
He has lain on the  
White bosom of the earth,  
And on the rugged cliff.  
His bark has been wafted  
Against the rocks. His  
Groans were heard, but  
No one to assist him ;  
None but his foes were  
Near. They had rather  
See him die than survive.  
He by his side had stayed

Until he was lost in the  
Forest chase. They mourned,  
But it was all in vain !  
He fought as long as he  
Could. He saw many  
Of his friends by his  
Side drop dead ; it was  
No use for him to weep,  
He must fight or die.  
O will you die under this  
Curse you gave your  
Country for pounds of  
Gold, and darst not fight.

CHAPENIUS.

We are commanded to  
Keep the will of God.

HEATH.

You are a fine man  
To preach God's will.  
I attended your church  
This day. I could preach  
Better when I was ten  
Years old than you do.  
Your church is dying on  
Your hands ; you talk  
As if you had no talents.  
I would make him give  
As much as one who  
Has been in your place.  
Your praying and singing  
Sounded like the roaring  
Of lions and the bellowing  
Of bulls in a slaughter  
Yard. Each one thought  
He was doing the will of

God, because he had  
Been told by some  
Fool like you.  
You know not the name  
Of God or the devil,  
All to you is the same.  
Like a spleeny woman,  
Who will take a pill  
Made from brown bread  
For opium, and it will  
Have the same desired effect,  
It saves the physician some  
Expense. If you tell  
Your hearers that they have  
Seven souls they would believe  
It, because it comes from  
The preacher, and they  
Dare not deny it.  
If they do, they are sent  
To hell.

## CHAPANIUS.

O you will repent of  
What you now have said.  
You will find the vaults  
Of torment for what you  
Have here said against  
The church, hard to endure ;  
God will not be saluted  
In the manner you have  
Done it. They are not all  
Fables that are found in  
The sacred Scriptures.  
I will say the deists  
Are the best reasoners  
In the world. And they  
Will confound the divines.

But the bible is given  
For the benefit of God's  
People. This was his desire,  
There are some that commence  
Preaching when they ought not to.

## HEATH.

You are the most sincere  
Preacher I ever heard or  
Saw. I know not whether  
You know enough to keep  
This thing to yourself, or  
Wish to deceive the people  
As most of the divines wish  
To. I will not charge you  
With my faults, for there are  
Enough in the Church.  
You admitted one fact,  
The Deist's are the greatest  
Reasoners in the world,  
When they assemble the  
Angels tremble. And  
Ask what will be our  
Fate. If they feared not  
Thy power, they need not  
Tremble. They will do  
Justice, for they believe  
God is just. Mon Dieu  
O why do you tremble.  
When the deist's raise  
They will do you no harm,  
For they will not attempt  
To oppose the god of all  
For fear they might into  
His hands of revenge fall.  
But they stand in fear of  
No devils, O what happy

Ones at the close of  
Their lives. You spoke of  
Waking after death. You are  
Out of your senses, here my  
Noble lord and design  
This as something which  
You do not understand,  
And believe as all the  
Olden sages did.  
His belief then was in  
God—As a raging army  
Thus if you thought they  
Could make the  
People believe it.

## CHAPENIUS.

O see their sacred temples  
And their holy altars  
Look to Egypt's holy land.  
Meretho has been worshipped,  
Memphis' name is inscribed  
On the holy tombs and  
You can see the footstep  
Where the holy Gods have  
Walked, and see the  
Place where the magnificent  
Holy temple was plundered  
By Canabal's, O it is  
Out of the power of man to  
Express with words on any  
Lyre, or words alone, or  
Notes, organ, Archangel,  
Angel, inferior God's or  
Goddesses, or any sceptred  
Dame or any Artist  
Paint the blessings and  
Happiness man can have

In Heaven with his God  
O reflect on these blessings  
He has conferred on  
This nation. There may  
Be countless other nations  
Under his protection, superior  
Or inferior, we know not a  
Place for them, we know not  
More than we know our destiny,  
But we believe that man  
Is saved. He may ride nearly  
Five millions of miles, and then  
Only commence his journey.  
O what a horrible thought,  
To embark! O, must we  
Leave this glorious land—  
This is my happy home—  
Where is there a place that  
Is more beatiful than this  
On her white bosom we  
Can turn and leave our  
Heads surrounded by the  
Brilliant luminaries, and  
Next we can ride in the  
Golden chariot on the  
Glittering paths where the  
White deer are playing,  
All this you can, if you  
Wish for, have. O the  
Second thought, that we must die!  
And are we not to live again,  
God presents before us Heaven  
And Eternal Life. And then,  
O think of Hell. See them  
There from the heart throughout  
Fear. O what hopeless  
Beings. I do not wish to  
Live if that is my fate,

To fall to Hell. We know  
Not where we shall wake.  
See her eyes, they are  
Started from their sockets,  
I will swear she is mad,  
See here grate her teeth,  
She has fell. Those ringlet  
Locks once hung on her  
White marble neck. They  
Swung as Zephyrs wafted  
Them. They are gone,  
See them placed in the  
Fire of Hell and yet it  
Cannot consume them.  
I support the Church,  
I for one care not whether  
My name is written in the  
Book of Eternal Happiness,  
If it is not I wish to stop  
Here. O I must say it,  
I am afraid. O I tremble  
I weep to think, to think  
Of what I am, to think  
Of Hell--Oh what a fool !  
Is there not a God ?  
Yes, and he will protect  
Me !

## HEATH.

You are about my opinion  
There is too much preaching  
For the good of this country.  
This country is capable of  
Taking care of itself, it is  
This we do know, we know  
Nothing about the future.



Your church turned in--in  
The best style, and yet the  
Author of sin, the best  
Organs and harlots to sing  
Your songs as you stand  
In the pulpit preaching the  
Laws of God and they at  
The same time violating  
Them as they stand in the  
Marble gallery, with their  
Rosy lips sending forth the  
Melodious song. Their blooming  
Breasts are as white as snow,  
Or the marble that is before  
Them. Their cheeks are as  
Fair as the lilly of the fields,  
Their words are as sweet as  
The perfume from  
The fresh rose in the morn,  
Yet they are harlots, their  
Words are enough to break  
The hearts of mad Poets  
And turn the strongest  
Minds.  
Their eyes are as a piercing  
Spear—he who looks on them  
Is obliged to yield to endure  
The pains. This is your Church  
Hell, Heaven, Earth, Main and  
Land—Harlots, Sages, Poets,  
Priests and Fools, all are  
Here. All have come to  
Hear your words, and have you  
Analyze the misteries of God,  
As the priest makes it appear  
So to most. O why do  
You not leave off your sophistry,  
And take a turn or two

In science, not that you  
Know is folly, and make  
The fools believe it true.  
You have the chance to  
Instruct a large audience,  
All you say does no good.

CHAPENIUS.

It is the duty of the Philosopher  
To instruct knowledge in  
Science, and my duty is to  
Teach them how to live to  
Inherit eternal life. One  
Man cannot fill all stations,  
If a man was designed for  
A Priest, he will not make  
A good Physician.

HEATH.

You are right, you believe as  
I do, but you might  
Impart more knowledge  
Than you do, and not preach  
Up so much of your Hell fire,  
It makes me feel bad  
O I beseech you do not,  
Do not for Heaven's sake,  
And mind, do not speak  
Of Hell when I am in  
Your Church.

CHAPENIUS.

That is what I want, I  
Want to make you tremble,  
I wish to have you repent,  
Leave off those infidel

Principles, become a good  
Christian, and a follower  
Of Christ Jesus.

O hear me, these are my  
Last words, to thee as a  
Sacred friend, I ask you  
I know the truth, this is  
What I can swear to,  
You must repent.

HEATH.

O, O ! I am miserable,  
If your Gods will make  
Me happy, I will follow  
Them.

GREGONIUS THE GREAT.

From Nortes fair to  
Bristol and the Spanish  
Shore, to Oxford's classic  
Halls, he carried in his  
Heart the noble Irish blood. !  
He lived then on my farm,  
And we wandered there the  
Fairest. He to himself would  
Keep musing. He would often  
Break out with words of  
Rhyme in great eloquence  
He has often spoke of  
Standing still and see the  
Turks and Spaniards hurl  
The darts of death, and turn  
To their cups and say  
We are drinking blood  
And we are not of this flesh.  
Here is the fair Indian  
Maid on the western

Shores of Oregon  
She stands. In her  
Hand she holds the  
Healing herb. It extends  
Towards the sister's breast,  
O she replied. Like this  
Has cured many as  
Frail as they ever were,  
Whole blooming cheeks  
Had faded. I rested  
On her rosy cheeks and  
Her sparkling eye.  
O take this I will swear  
By the sacred Gods-it will  
Relieve thee of the plague  
O you have from the  
Far Eastern shores. Love  
Come to see this land of  
Sacred Medicine.  
There the God of Nature  
Has placed his laboratory,  
To prepare all medicines.  
Oh how sad you look,  
How pale your cheeks are,  
O I wish to see the fair,  
You make me sad to  
See you carry such a  
Deathlike look. You will be  
True to your God, if not,  
My life is at your command.

DEAN.

Your kind offer I  
Cannot repair. I place  
Confidence in what you  
Have said, if this will  
Restore what you said

It would, I would not  
Refuse my hand. My  
Life is depending on thee,  
There is no one but thee  
Can help me. Your  
Words are affecting.  
Would to God I could  
Entreat thee, and in the  
Same manner I brought  
Tears in my eye when  
I heard you speak.  
If you do belong to the  
Indian race, I despise  
Thee not. You are of a  
Free nation ; can any one  
Tell me when your race  
Was in servitude ?  
Does history tell us ?  
O may all-coming time  
Advance something more  
To the reasoning sages.  
O why ! O why has not  
The remedy been before.

## HEATH.

If the Trojans had from  
The Greek wished to  
Invade their country thirty  
Years before they did, they  
Might have prepared for  
Such a great war. Ten years  
They were besieged, and then  
Fell. This time was sad to  
Them. They wished to God  
The horse they had never  
Seen ; but some other  
Measures might have

Been taken to accomplish  
Their design. The Greeks were  
Powerful at this time. It was  
Pleasure for the soldiers to  
Lay to the Trojan walls.  
If they by chance could  
See fame and sup on  
Blood, it served them  
The same as wine.  
The life of man was  
Considered no more  
Than a brute's. They  
Were led on by some  
Ambitious man.  
All his desire was fame.

## EDMUND OF THE WEST.

I have travelled from this  
World to the olden world ;  
Seen all physicians I ever  
Heard of ; any medicines  
Will do me as much  
Good as the Indian  
Would. A fortune I have  
Spent to recover my health ;  
I have come over all  
Land and sea to the  
American shores. To hell  
Let them go who turn  
Against their mother country.  
Ravdom, why do you  
Not fight the infernal  
Devils. We will gain their  
Liberty, it will be like  
That which sprung from  
The vaults of hell. Keep  
Them bound, they will

Make good slaves ; they  
Are not capable of  
Taking care of themselves.  
It was desired by the  
God of heaven this land  
Should be under the  
Dominion of England.  
They are relicts sent from  
England's holy shores.

## JOSEPHISTUS.

If they were sent from  
Your holy shores, what  
Right have you over them ?  
None. We will show you  
We are capable of  
Taking care of ourselves,  
For all you British  
Officers. What right  
Have you here ? No more  
Than a devil in heaven.  
If it is possible for man  
To pollute this land, you  
Have this land. You  
Lost old England,  
Although you all are  
Noblemen to speak.  
You call yourself a prince  
Of nobles, come to America  
To proclaim your authority.  
If you had gone to  
Ireland, who is not able  
At the present time to have  
Their rights, you might  
Speak as you do. If you  
Do not leave soon, your  
Countrymen will be obliged

To take you away a corpse.  
I should like to see her  
Feast on thee. O how would  
Rejoice, you poor contemptible  
English officer. Die, you  
Ought to die three deaths  
And be three days dying  
Each. You think the Americans  
Ought to be slaves to hellish  
England, and there is your  
Duke; he is a fine man,  
If you would take from  
Him his faults, and that  
Would take all. O he  
Is cold; one of England's  
Noble sons. O what a noble  
Name, Dick! His wool  
Must be fine. I do not  
On the man that insulted  
The Americans when he  
Visited them. You had  
Good success at New Orleans;  
I should think you would  
Want another war with  
The Americans.  
O old John Bull has  
Enough to fight with.  
Look at Ireland; the  
God of Justice will  
Hurl you where Jupiter  
Hurled Lisyphus, and  
Call on Juno to raise  
You from the vaults.  
O happy Gods of Ireland,  
Imps of England, you  
Are as bad as the Jews,  
Who would not own



Christ. Your blood  
Would pollute the liquid  
Fires of hell. O corruption ]  
From my sight !

## ESYMAN FROM THE WEST.

O they may have the  
Spears of death, and  
Mighty sceptres, all affects  
Nothing ; they cannot  
Accomplish the least  
Thing. They may send  
Forth their words of insult ;  
We care nothing for what  
They say. Their words do  
Not have the brilliant rays  
Like the sun, that illuminates  
The world ; she may boast  
Of her Homer and Virgil ; her  
Poets are great writers, but  
We have Bacon and Goethe,  
And we have Milton and Byron  
And Shakespeare !

## STRAGANUS.

O England, fair and noble  
Soil, she has tried to be  
As noble as Rome, but it  
Is in vain for her to  
Attempt that, for she  
Cannot make Scotland  
Bow. As small as she  
Is, it was by her own  
Will. She joined with  
England, and then it was  
That she was found in bad  
Company. She has wished  
Many times she was free.

SIR WILLIAM.

Down with his fair dame.  
On the rolling flames of  
The West with his fair  
Steeds he bore her on.  
He returned to the sacred  
City, and there on the  
Glittering steeds they  
Rode. He without a  
Farthing sported on her  
Fortune. She felt proud  
To have this handsome  
Suitor by her side.  
He was nothing but a  
Petty teacher. She had  
No desire for fame,  
But to live happy,  
To live as she was  
Told, read what  
She was told to read,  
She had a noble mother ;  
Her father was a christian,  
He was saved, not by  
Chance. It was decreed.

WILKINS.

Do you think any is  
Saved by chance ?  
People saved by chance ?

SIR WILLIAM.

No, I do not, but there  
Are some that believe  
Such doctrine. All  
Things come by chance.  
If there is a God, he  
Causes by chance.

If he does does not go as  
He causes them to go  
In the lurch.  
This is as consistant a doctrine  
As the Atheistic doctrine ;  
Save all themselves. Atheists  
Advocate these principles.  
If they should by chance  
Make out to find themselves  
In hell, they must say  
It was by chance they  
Come there.

## RUSSELLETUS.

O the Bishop, the great  
Venerable and divine, has  
Meditated for many hours  
And come to this conclusion,  
All things from nothing  
Sprung. O how the God  
Of Nature speaks. Do you  
Take from me the honor  
Of creating man from  
The earth, and from whence  
Did that substance come,  
Or all these unknown  
Works that around each  
Other whirl ? Did all  
These spring from nothing ?  
Who is your God, and  
From what source did  
He spring ? We believe  
There is no space without  
Substance. I think your  
Doctrine is false. It shows  
It on the face of it ; all  
Things from nothing  
Sprung. You do not

Know whether he created  
This world from nothing.  
And you have no reason  
For such conclusions.

DELA.

Has not the God that formed  
This planet here, the same  
Power to form others from  
Nothing.

RUSSELLETUS.

It is no reason that  
A thing is formed, that  
It was formed from  
Nothing, because you do  
Not know from what  
Source the substance  
Come. You have no  
Right to say it was  
From nothing.  
I do not deny the existence  
Of a God. We know  
Not his attributes. It  
Is in vain for one to  
Try to tell the world,  
He who will assume  
This will assume the  
Power of God.

EDMUND.

O turn from those  
Solemn words. Say  
No more of God. It  
Makes me tremble.  
Turn to other thoughts.  
See that fair dame in

The heights of heaven.  
On the marble floor,  
In the giddy dance,  
I know see she has been  
Drinking wine. Her eyes  
Do sparkle, her black  
Hair does curl on her  
White neck. She has  
Sung the best song  
This night I ever heard.  
Next you will see her  
In the vaults of hell.  
O I had rather be a  
Servant to a dog,  
And lie on stone and  
Live on the crumbs  
Of a nobleman's table,  
Than to live such a life.  
The world of torment is  
Enough, but the nod hell  
Makes her, it makes me  
Tremble! O to look on  
Her rosy cheeks and her  
Sparkling eyes, and think  
Of what I have here  
Said, to live such a  
Life as you do, I had  
Rather die a dog.  
I should have the thought  
That after reflecting, as  
Arnold after he had  
Proved a traitor, I had  
Rather be in Tartarus.

WOODFORD.

If I had not, I would  
Not do the crime  
Again. But now I

Am in the work, I  
May as well do all  
I can, for the cares  
Of any one centre in  
A profession. It is  
Their duty to do all  
They can.

EDMUND.

What have you done  
That you would not  
If you had not.

WOODFORD.

It is righteousness to  
Tell, but it is wrong.  
I have been a traitor ;  
I have sacrificed the  
Honor of many an innocent  
One to obtain fame, and fell  
Into dishonor. O I  
Ought not to declare  
It. I am thought to be  
A brave soldier, but they  
Would not give me  
Honor when I ought to  
Have had it. If I  
Had remained as I was  
I would have rescued as  
Much honor for the  
Americans as Washington.

EDMUND.

It is too late for you  
To repent. You are distinct,  
For your name it is a horrible  
One. I had rather be tossed

Ten years on the spears of  
Dévils than to take your place.

JAMES.

I think you had better  
Look something to your modesty.  
This is very interesting, but  
I think it leads on to  
Infidelity. If all things  
Sprung from nothing, and  
The Gods created all things,  
What is it to us. If we  
Only have our due time  
Served us, we know from  
What the first God, or the  
God of All sprung, and  
What is it to us. Let us  
Live as we ought to live.  
Some drink and some are  
Sober, and all think that  
They are right. O all hail!  
Ye Gods take my spirit  
And reflect it on and  
Love the bishop.  
All this he has drank  
At the fountain of knowledge,  
He is as liable to err  
As well as some that  
Reflect on the destiny  
Of man. Who does not  
Build on hypothesis.  
O there is a God who  
Rules over the destiny of  
Man—who keeps the worlds  
Harmoniously in their  
Revolving courses. Each  
World has a God, and  
Every nation worship

Some God, but they  
 Dont believe he from  
 Nothing sprung. The  
 Pearling streamers and the  
 Towering pine, the wild  
 Beast of the forest cry  
 There is a God.  
 Philosophers will acknowledge  
 This point, there must be  
 A beginning to all things.  
 Adieu my noble Lord  
 I to morrow will see  
 You again.

TIMITUS.

I know you are from the  
 Best society. That is why  
 I wish your company.  
 It is not for my interest  
 To harm you.

NANCY.

You had ? You intended  
 It when you requested  
 My company last Chrismas.  
 You told Lord Doane  
 Your hellish heart.  
 Why do you come  
 Here with those falling  
 Sirs from the vaults  
 Of hell.

TIMITUS.

Do you think I am  
 A hell myself ?

NANCY.

I know it. I see



Thee worse than Tartarus,  
The worst of all things.

TIMITUS.

I cannot agree with you.  
I think a woman's  
Tongue is worse than  
Ten thousand glittering  
Spears in his heart.  
You know what you  
Have said is false.  
It was not my interest  
To say anything, and  
I never saw Lord Doane.  
You did not understand  
Me, I said you are the  
Noblest dame of all the  
Lords. It was dames  
Instead of Doans. You  
Might have saved yourself  
A great many words if  
You had only reflected  
On what I said.

NANCY.

I care not what you did  
Say, you may say as much  
As you are a mind to  
About your dames.



## LORD CLASSING.

Lord Classing in his  
Height of happiness sat  
On a golden sofa with  
His noble goddess.

It was something remarkable  
For him with them to  
Meet. He by chance did  
See them weep for him.

I saw his arms extended  
To meet two of them ;  
And they on him did  
Seem to think much.

On his breast they  
Laid their rosy cheeks.  
Their sparkling eyes to his  
Did extend the rays of love.

When Classing often from  
Her rosy cheek did  
Whipe the tear that  
By Maville was caused,

He first loved Francis  
And then forsook  
Her and took Mary,  
Who was the sweetest.

I have seen the noble  
Goddess of Greece and  
Rome. Lord Maville was  
Pleased with Mary of York.

Many may say what  
They please. I never  
Saw one yet but  
Loved some fair dame.

O he despises them  
He has been forsaken  
By some, by revenge  
He has sinned against nature.

Man from the first  
Foundation of the world  
Never saw the time but  
What he loved some dame.

Man has the infamy  
Placed on him, he  
Is a dishonest being  
Of God's creation.

O what reason have  
You to say, unless from  
The holy scripture, that  
Woman deludes man.

We know that woman  
To man looks for  
Counsel, and that  
He is the Judge.

We know by reading  
The classics, noble goddesses  
Were worshipped. Their power  
Is cursed by the Romans.

We know that we cannot  
Make many believe  
He was chosen of God  
To save the people.

O no longer now regret  
To say that he has  
The power to save  
Man from destruction.

At first I spoke of  
Lord Classing, with his  
Arms extended over his  
Dame, and was rejoicing.

O the rolling waves  
And the rising ship  
Are like the earth,  
And are like man's life.

## F A M E .

Come, I command you  
By all that is sacred,  
Come with your best  
Fame for hot battle.

O what is life to honor ?  
Die, die with me ye  
Noble men of war, die for  
What is sacred in heaven.

Call you many from  
Their cares, which they  
In the mountains  
For many years shared.

They are noble. Many I  
Know are noble ; they  
Would not have lived as  
They have, if they were not.

For your sake they lived  
On bread and water, and  
On the rock slept. O die  
Before you leave them.

They have manifested  
The hand of a Roman,  
Will you refuse aid, when  
You can bestow it on a friend.

My rights have been taken,  
I cannot obtain them  
Without conquest. We read  
They lost the same in heaven.

To your command, my  
Noble warriors, I am  
Not the one who will  
See a man's rights taken.

The noble warriors with  
The fiery steeds into the  
Battle field, came the  
Rebels who polluted the ground.

Sparta rejoiced when he  
Saw the army coming from  
The mountains to assist  
Him. He offered a sacrifice.

He thought it was his  
Duty to do so, for it was  
By this means he obtained  
The soldiers from Pachas the Great.

They contended long with  
Pachas in the battle field  
They into each other thrust  
The glittering spear and sword.

Each one crying out for  
The spoils. Their commander  
Sold his soldiers. This will  
I give you for victory.

Like tigers they fought, and  
Supped on the blood for  
Nourishment and cried  
Victory is ours, is ours!

He saw he was like  
To be defeated, unless  
He used means he would  
Be massacred by savages.

At the time he gave  
These, would the savages  
Had the advantage of him  
He in short turned his fate.

Each man was fighting  
For his life. It was  
Amusement for those  
Who delight in war to see them.

O they were so brave  
They could from each other  
Take their hearts and rejoice  
In their noble works.

He who fears death  
Is not fit for a soldier.  
Have the courage of a Cæsar  
Or that of Demosthenes,

I despise not Demosthenes,  
Although he was a coward,  
Although his words would  
Make one think he was brave.

For his life he plead  
When he was imprisoned.  
Does this not mark the  
Path of a coward



## THE BATTLE.

For heaven's sake ye Gods of  
War arouse from your slumbers,  
Spring to your fiery steeds,  
Advance ye warriors, advance !

Rest not until every sound  
Heart is torn from his body.  
Thrust your glittering spears  
Through their polluted hearts.

I say advance, for heaven's  
Sake advance, they are strong ;  
Use all your power, or we  
Shall be enslaved. O advance !

O fight for your rights, your  
Freedom. O your country is  
Invaded. Put the spurs to your  
Steeds and unto them rush.

Carry them before they spring.  
Their hearts are on your  
Glittering steel. The holy  
Gods command it of you.

Will you be enslaved by  
Infidels. No ! God forbid  
It. Born a freeman, will  
A noble Greek be enslaved ?

The streets were filled with  
Blood. The groans would make  
The walls of hell tremble  
And the old Devil blush.

Again they with their  
Fiery steeds advance  
Into the host. Ben exclaimed,  
Hold for heaven's sake hold !

The blood was gushing from  
His heart. O save my  
Nation ; with a groan for  
His nation he died happy.

The host was led by a  
Noble lord. His name was  
Duramville. Ben fell after  
Pulling the glittering spear from his side.

He was not like Branchmans,  
Who were drunk with wine. There  
Are some that have no courage  
Without they are half drunk.

No more were his words heard ;  
His eloquence was felt in the  
Senate halls. He was the  
Best lawgiver and warrior they had.

O sacred, just and divine,  
From Heaven the last descended  
To amuse mankind, and to  
Raise him to some big station.

From hell, redeemed by blood  
He arose and was washed by  
Blood through Providence,  
By the way of Purgatory.

Time chides us on. I  
Have no time to sport  
With my dame in the  
Giddy dance or the merry song.

To battle I must go—  
No delay on my part. The  
Sound of the war trumpet  
Strikes my ear ; I must go.

Eugene his brother came ;  
Into wrath he burst forth, to  
See his brother's heart lie on  
The ground, the swine feeding on his body

He looked like a tiger fed  
On warm blood among  
The kids let to satisfy his  
Hunger. He spoke ; all before him trem-  
bled.

He from his sheath drew his  
Sword. Ye noble warriors  
Follow me. We will butcher  
Every rebel before us.

If you follow me—if you  
Die in the conquest, you die  
With honor and you are immortal.  
If you do not, you will die in grief.

Every soldier to his arms sprung ;  
A word from every soldier came, we  
Will fight for you ; sacrifice our  
Lives for heaven. Rush on the foe.

With Eugene the noble  
Warriors went on their fiery  
Steeds. The rebels cried for  
Quarter. Oh how they cried.

Eugene replied, I will have  
Revenge for my brother's life.  
They trembled for fear they all  
Should be murdered by Eugene:

Give no quarter, ye noble  
Soldiers, to the hell deserving  
Rebels. Carry their hearts on  
Your bayonets before you.

Sing your songs of victory,  
Which in battle may make  
The struggle turn in your favor  
With greater praise on your part.

He is a coward who will  
Stop for blood while in  
Battle ; let them furnish him  
A flaming cup of rum,

Sing your song and sport  
In your giddy dance after  
Battle. Those that are saved  
Let them be your slaves for life.

Scorn them not, Gangrene,  
Because they did not excel in  
Battle ; your arm was strong, well  
Skilled in war. They are ignorant.

## EIRGEN.

From the Atlantic Ocean  
Into the Indian Ocean, to  
The China sea, by the fates of  
A god, Eirgen was driven.

He went from the Yellow Sea  
To the desert of Sahara, traversed  
The wilds to Central Europe  
With his host that bade him home.

He was wafted on the tempestuous  
Sea by Zephurus, driven over  
The rolling billows, and his noble  
Ship cutting the briny waves.

The distant thunder was  
Amusing to him as he was  
Gliding over the billows when  
Running mountains high.

The electricity flashing on the  
Concave heavens, served for  
His light in a storm, when  
He escaped the dangerous rocks.

From his own laboratory, if he  
Could not obtain it from heaven,  
Would send forth the lightning  
To form light on the black sea.

He with his magic power and  
Might almost could make gods  
Tremble and angels descend from  
Heaven, and to him pay their homage.

As long as he had been  
Tossed on the tempestuous sea,  
Wasted to and fro by Zephyrus  
On the Euxine's polluted waters.

The graves of wandering spirits  
On the Euxine sea—his warning  
Of false prophets never, never  
Made him tremble before battle,

His words ever to his noble  
Soldiers were, "let us conquer  
Or die in honor." Will you  
Die slaves? Great God forbid it.

O a word from this orator  
Would arouse them from  
Their sluggish movements.  
A word and they would sup blood.

They would like to see  
The hearts of their foes whirling  
On the glittering spear, extended  
Towards heaven. Here are the rebels.

They would sing the merry  
Song and sport in the giddy  
Dance, while the swine were  
Feasting on the noble soldiers.

O to see the swine feasting  
On the human race, which  
By God were designed to  
Rule the inferior creatures.

## M A N .

Man at the first creation  
Was perfect. This is taught  
Us by Holy Writ and  
Established by all nations.

Degraded by the introduction  
Of sin. Until this was done  
Man knew nothing of sin,  
And better had he been had he not.

We will not charge God  
With sin, for we know  
God created all things,  
Heaven and earth and the lowest hell !

The fears of hell makes men  
Tremble, and the desire of  
Heaven makes him rejoice, and  
When he gets there he will thank his God.

He is the highest order of the  
Animal creation, endowed  
With a mind, that he is  
Capable of judging of all.

He has frame that acts  
And nerves that move him ;  
A body, the blood that passes  
And returns to the heart.

We will speak nothing of  
The nervous system, but of the  
Mind of man ; without this  
Man is nothing but a brute.

Much has been said on the  
Mind, and I may differ from  
You on this point ; many  
Say the mind is separate from the brain .

ask in all sense and cause  
What mind can a man have  
When he is deprived of his brain ?  
If this is not conclusive then why ?

We know that man has no  
Mind without the brain ; thus  
When we act we think, stop  
The action and we cannot think.

You may take an organ without  
The will. What there to act ? There  
Will be no music ; all is dead.  
There is the body, the brain ceases to act.

It is the office of the brain to think,  
As we term it, as it is the office  
Of the hand to hold the pen,  
Or to wield the sceptre of power.

The brain has been examined  
From time to time. Aristotle to the  
Present cannot solve the cause.  
It is somewhere there it dwells.

There is nothing that leaves  
Man when he leaves the world,  
Except the breath of life, that  
He received when he came into it.



She with her thundering  
Eloquence drove her husband  
From his cottage door, for no  
Other cause than that he loved his cups.

He still loved them more.  
The thought that it was wrong  
For him to drink, and  
Still he drinks more wine.

She stood and drank with  
A swollen neck and bloated  
Cheeks and drank, and  
Said you foolish creature.

O he in sadness and  
Solitude wept, because  
He could not drink  
With his dame as he thought.

O there is nothing worse  
Than a treacherous dame,  
Or the thunderings of a woman's  
Tongue without a cause.

She from some noble  
Motive left her cups and  
Advised him to do the same,  
For her own benefit, not his.

They change the name of the  
Author of all blessings and  
Virtue and generous deeds  
And bring deceit and woe.

They have the power  
To do much good,  
Yet more sin fetch  
They than virtue.

It was by them, we are  
Told, that sin was  
Introduced. O why  
Do they curse virtue.

O may the highest  
Angel of the skies descend  
And banish drinking  
And women of deceit.

From the foundation of  
The Egyptian Empire to  
The present times, all things  
Convince us of the evil of the cup.

O did I say reform ;  
I think that there is a  
Chance for sin to be  
Descarded from the foundation.

O it is wrong to sit and  
Sin in melancholy ;  
By this you entice men  
From the paths of virtue.

O it lessens no more  
The guilt to bow to his  
Superior ! No great stoic  
With all the great respect.

O may you take  
The sweet wine from  
Her rosy lips, and  
What did you then find.

She to one declares her  
Love, and the other the  
Same, and at last  
She is described the same.

O boast not of your  
Virtues! The wisest and  
The best may fall and  
What others have may you.

## ON A MAN OF POMP.

There is a man, noble in form,  
Ferocious, like some rude man  
Who calls himself a bully, he  
Looks more like a bull than a sage.

His head looks like some idiot's  
That walks the streets of Rome,  
For many years his father kept  
Him within the classic walls.

Thus like a swine he obeyed  
His keepers words, good or bad,  
And never had a thought of his own,  
But did as his father told him.

O for heaven's sake deliver me  
From such a school, where such  
A fool has been; who is bound  
Because his father desires.

Kings and queens have been  
Led to this belief and carried  
It out to the full extent.  
And not more fully than in our day.

"O lovely child;" his father says  
He is immortal, and so his  
Mother thinks; and they are the  
Only ones who do.

He thought he knew something of  
Love. A fair dame by him  
Was courted, but her father  
Thought his blood not noble enough.

He knew something of principle,  
And yet he was so vile that  
He thought his own conversion  
Would bring him sorrows.

At last his father took him  
Home to feed stall cattle and  
Tend the still tub, for yet he drank  
Wine like a British soldier.

He was a noble man in the eyes  
Of some, for he attended the  
Church and the priest ; think no  
Less of him because he went to church.

He condemned all sectarianism.  
He was the strongest, yet I  
Could swim as far as he,  
So yet he must be weak.

His father got so he could trust  
Him out of the stall, the same  
As some will trained animal of  
The low brute creation.

He thought his name was  
Good, and would give  
It when requested by  
Any one of his particular friends.

He appeared to know  
All men's business  
Better than his own,  
And attended to theirs better.

They would not pay  
Him for the time  
He spent in finding  
Out their choicest secrets.

He would, when he had  
A chance to meet a  
Man, ask what is the  
Best business to embark.

O he was far from  
Turning soldiers into lawyers,  
Cobblers into priests, and  
Farmers into teachers.

## ON MY RETURN TO COLLEGE.

Once more heaven has been aroused  
From her slumber. Archangels thunder  
Comes roaring along to give intelligence  
That near was deliverance. The flying  
Artillery over the blazing walls of hell  
Escaped. The trumpet to his  
Mouth was placed, and thus he  
Spoke: Fall back! all ye who  
From this realm have fled,  
Ye have stained my altars with  
Your polluted blood. You think  
By forming conspiracy you can  
Dethrone me. The devil blushed  
When this he heard, so frank he  
Spoke, and thus he replied:  
You know all things that I  
Before my expulsion knew  
And before I undertook to contend  
Against such a king. I only thought that  
you  
Was nothing but a king, but I  
Will own that thou art a God.  
In mourning he passed back to  
Erubus, saying to his subjects,  
That it is wrong to fight against  
Such a king. He to his people  
Pointed out the ship which with  
A silver chain from heaven was  
Raised, and safely piloted it to the  
Shores of happiness. Then with the  
Golden cup with the wine of France  
He supped. We are destined  
To remain here; it is in vain  
For us to think of dethroning such

A king. I saw a light from  
Heaven descend with a golden  
Glow. It was carried. It bore  
Resemblance to pure oxygen on  
Fire set. At first it dazzled my  
Eyes. Long I beheld the light  
The dimmer it grew. It faded.  
No more those sparkling eyes did  
Seem to me as if a comet  
Had first appeared. O she into  
my embraces kindly fell. Her pure  
Red lips looked up in token of  
Friendship; she kindly left me  
Then and turned upon me her  
Sparkling eyes expressive of intelligence.  
The thunderings of heaven and the  
Groanings of hell would not  
Make her bear my company.  
O when I was about to leave her  
For Italy, her eyes did seem to  
Start from their sockets. From them  
The tears run over her rosy  
Cheeks; her heart did throb  
With such force to all appearance,  
Not but short time it could  
Fulfil its office. O when  
I saw this, O, O, O, then she  
Had my sympathy, if the devil  
Has not helped her to this deceit.  
She was dressed in the richest robes,  
From the highest class of Scotland  
In America. I saw that  
She was accomplished in all  
Things. She of wars would converse,  
On State affairs she would hold  
Counsel; by her eloquence she  
Would amuse the audience.



If they were Americans she spoke of  
liberty.

She would scan the heavens  
And in the deep researches  
Of nature to Nature's God she  
Could go. But ah! she had  
That sympathy when once she  
Had application, she flourished.  
By a lord she was courted ;  
He, like Lord Byron, could  
Mind their operation. This was  
All he knew. He won her  
Affections, then left her when  
He had done so, hopeless.  
How she looked! Her  
Eyes like serpent's sparkled  
Like flashes of light. Such  
Groans, such sounds, like  
The distant thunder, grand !  
Her glittering dagger entering  
Her holy heart ! O she from  
Her head threw a black  
Glistening lock, which once  
In ringlets hung on her  
White marble neck. O when  
I returned, a friend told  
Me what was the cause of it.  
It made my blood curdle  
In my veins to see what  
That direful lord had done,

## ON A BOTANIC PHYSICIAN.

As I was travelling to Saratoga  
One day with a physician,  
I heard him talk of his learning.  
He believed in Mesmerism and clairvoy-  
ance.

He by this means tried to cure  
All the diseases that came in his  
Way. He would tell the patient he is  
Past the help of man in medicine.

He boasted of his miraculous  
Success; in fact he was the  
Servant, the clairvoyant did the  
Cure, and he stole the honor.

O horrible! to take man's blood  
Is wrong; I do it myself in  
Case of necessity, as in case of  
The blood rush on the brain.

O the poor botanic from that  
On to phrenology, he could  
Prove it by Mesmerism, his  
Clairvoyant proved to be true.

O the poor botanic and his  
Clairvoyant, with a dose of the  
Third preparation, cured a  
Man of the Consumption.

They let Nature cure the disease  
And from God's laboratory they  
Steal their fame, saying, "This  
Is my wisdom." Oh shame!

O he bowed to me and  
Yielded his principles as a  
Fiery steed does yield to  
The rider, or the tempests of the Gods.

## THE COBBLER.

She with her lovely  
Countenance from him  
Did hasten thus. He to  
Her embarrassment did look.

His friends rejoiced and have  
Mourned tears at his mishap,  
And they down the blooming  
Cheeks did roll to the ground.

He mother said, O daughter  
What have you done, O what  
Have you done. Thrown yourself  
Away. O horrible! ye goddesses!

Who was adored by all the  
Sages of the day, to give thyself  
To a Cobbler. O noble mother,  
She said, it is love that intices me.

You love! O fie for shame,  
You mean nothing of that,  
Yet you only think of it  
Not out of you. O horrible!

Talk of connubial life or  
Go to Egypt. I would go to the latter  
Although it was with some noble  
Lord, then I would be contented.

O mother give me my choice,  
I had rather live with the

Cobbler in a hut than with  
A lord in a marble temple without love.

O her appealing to her mother's  
Sympathy with tears in her eyes  
Made her submit. O horrible!  
Can'st thou not withhold thy love?

Next come her uncle with  
Vengeance in his sparkling eyes,  
You shall not marry that  
Cobbler by the holy poker.

O see the lovely dame,  
She struggles, she is pale  
As death—her blood ceased to  
Flow, but at last she revived.

She aroused from her excitement,  
I will marry by the powers of love,  
Or I will spill the last  
Drop of innocent blood in my heart.

O what determination for that  
Dame, it is equal to the ancients  
Who carried in their own hands,  
The destinies of Empires!

A few weeks of sadness to her broken  
Heart rolled by—the castle bell  
Tolled her funeral dirge; she  
Died a victim at follies shrine.

On the surface  
Of the sparkling  
Water which finds  
Its way through the  
Forest, and over the  
Roaring cliffs and  
On the winding valley  
And rolling plain,  
I had roamed—all  
For amusement, alone :  
Not a friend was with  
Me. I thought they were  
All foes, and yet my  
Friends were treacherous  
And yet true. I could  
Not find one when I  
Wanted assistance. Three  
Days I locked myself  
In my room, and no  
One did I see. Five  
Hundred times I  
Wrote at midnight  
And rode my steed  
Over the rugged crags,  
No one could follow me.  
My songster's were the hooting  
Owl, the barking Fox,  
And the howling Wolf ;  
My company were  
Tigers, and wild beasts,  
And yet they seemed friendly,  
No human being was  
So friendly as they were  
They had a furry coat,

And my meat was venison  
On my coat I rested, and the  
Venison, I feasted upon  
The weeds of Autumn were waving  
The towering pines over me  
And the howling of wolves  
Made me sweet enjoyment.  
O I had rather hear these things  
Than all the boasted eloquence  
Of mind. There can be no  
Comfort to man when they are  
In a rage. There is but one  
King that will please them  
They will not be counselled  
I would rather live with the  
Wolves than with a wild  
Wilful woman. I could  
Go to my enjoyments then  
In peace and no one to  
Howl worse than the wolf,  
And drink my cup of wine,  
And no one to say why do  
You so? And build my  
Bed of straw where I  
Wished, and join in  
Mirth and song, where  
I wish all this, is not  
Pleasure to me, I feel  
As if it was in the  
Vaults of Tartarus wafted  
By Erubus on the liquid  
Sulphur and the glittering  
Sceptre.  
I saw a flash of fire  
Come from her eyes  
As bright as those  
Rays which are sent

From the noon day sun  
Ship, as she is drifted  
By the tempest on the main.  
Her form was noble  
As fair as the Egyptian  
Goddess, thus as the  
Dame that they chose  
To be represented in a  
Column to support  
Their towering temples.  
When I saw her, she  
Was mad ah ! how her  
Eyes did flash and send  
Forth fire. She by a  
Noble Lord was courted.  
He sought her hand only  
To accomplish his intent,  
To get her money. He  
Promised to marry her  
If she would give her  
Hand. She thought he  
Was honest. But oh !  
He proved treacherous. She  
Strove to overcome her  
Feelings. She strove for a  
Long time—but she strove  
In vain. It made her insane.  
When she heard his name  
Her eyes would sparkle.  
O horrible, she would say,  
The vault of Erubus are  
Too good for him. He  
Ought to be bound in  
Fluid sulphur when alive,  
Until his senses left him.  
Would to Heaven that I could  
Find language to express my



Not obtain revenge. O  
It looked like a sheet  
Of fire waving on the  
Mast of some tall  
Ship. Then she would  
Sit on her golden sofa and  
Rest her head on her hand,  
And with the other wipe from  
Her eyes and rosy cheeks  
The bitter tears of misery.  
Her only desire was that  
Justice might overtake  
Him, who had thus  
Treacherously deserted her.  
But she ought to have rendered  
Good for evil. He was  
The first violator. She  
Thought, I know not what,  
But one thing is impossible.  
It was wrong that this  
Lord should make this fair  
Dame thus insane.  
But thus it was to be,  
And they are now singing  
Their songs in Tartarus.

## THE BATTLE.

Last night I saw a  
Terrible battle at just  
Twelve o'clock. Ten  
Thousand footman  
Come into the field,  
And horsemen full  
Five hundred. Their  
Steeds rushed on  
Their foes, as a tiger  
would for blood.  
The soldiers fought  
Like brave warriors.  
Three thousand men  
Victorious in war fell,  
And bled for their  
Country. In the  
Battles did their  
Steeds thirsted for  
Blood. They drank  
The arterial blood,  
And in actions did  
Ask for more. The  
Thunderings of the  
Cannon, and the  
Sounding of the war  
Trumpet was amazing  
To me. And they  
Would wave the

Flag of fire. Their  
Motto was "Let us  
Conquer, or die  
In the battle field."  
"Die for our country,"  
Born freeman and  
Die Slaves? Heaven  
Forbid it! Let us  
Die freemen, if we  
Die at all! Die in  
The battle field!  
I stood on the  
Rugged cliff and  
Swayed a blade of  
Fire. By me  
Passed within three  
Inches of my eye.  
I was astonished  
To think—to think  
That they would  
Fire on me where  
I stood on the rugged  
Cliff. I did not  
Give them any  
Offence. I was  
Standing there for  
Amusement, it was  
Enough to move ones  
Blood, to stand and  
See the warriors fight.  
At last the invaders  
Retread. Fifteen thousand  
Entered the field,  
Only three left it.  
All the steeds and  
Chariots that the  
Generals rode fell,

Bleeding to the ground,  
And all the warriors  
But three thousand.  
Lost their loins for  
Nothing but superstition.  
O, will you my noble  
Countrymen, can you  
Risk your life on  
Superstition. Hold  
To your own doctrine  
If you know it is  
Right. This night  
Was a terrible night  
For these two nations.  
Neither of the armies  
Conquered or left  
The field with dishonor  
At first one had the  
Advantage at last,  
By retreating, he  
Gained it. I saw  
Them quiver when on  
The glittering steel, their  
Hearts were resting.  
No more their voice was  
Raised, or heard on  
The distant hill.  
All was sad when  
They retreated. No more  
Could you hear the  
Trumpet of war, nor  
The stepping of the fiery  
Steeds on the rugged  
Cliffs. All appeared  
Like the silence of  
Death. The whole  
Country was in

Mourning—some for  
Their friends, and some  
For their disappointments  
In not gaining the  
Conquest. Infidels  
As well as Christians  
Wished to obtain  
Dominion. Where!  
Oh where can they find  
Rest? Where is there  
Not superstition? As much  
With the Christian as  
Any other sect. And  
From them no knowledge  
Sprung. He told of one  
Charge by some, and  
Thereby others which  
Are we to believe. Why—  
Have we not reason  
To believe there was  
No deluge before wars  
Time. We have history  
From China as well as  
From Greece and Rome  
And Great Britain.  
Enough to convince  
Us there was a deluge  
Before Noah built the  
Ark Has not China  
History, and who will  
Refuse such facts as  
Are found there. They  
Are as good as those  
We get from Greece.  
All this is nothing but  
Superstition. The older  
Epiets fell on account

Of their superstition.  
If there have been ten  
Thousand deluges what  
Matters that to us. Let  
Us do right. If there  
Is one sent we cannot  
Turn it. O our fates  
Are all made permanent  
By the high hand of Heaven,  
As it was by the noble  
Generals, when they  
Into the battle field  
Had come.

## AN INFIDEL IN LOVE.

As the concave heavens  
This one was charming  
To the eye. The planets  
Of different works. The  
Same Susanna sent  
Forth the rays from her  
Sparkling eyes to give  
Light to her charms;  
That shone before her  
Lover's eyes. Where  
He saw their rays he  
Rejoiced, and wept,  
Because he had not  
Seen these eyes before.  
Well he might weep,  
When he was told  
Of them. He would  
Not strive to raise the  
Clamor of devastation.  
He mourned, and many  
Rejoiced at his misfortune.  
O this is right if he is  
An Infidel. Help him,  
No! And if he had  
Reason for his guide  
Why should we condemn  
Him. But let him  
Be directed by the  
God of Reason, and  
Then you may be sure  
That the unknown spirits  
Wandering through the

Depths of Tartarus or  
Those that stop at Elysian  
Can never make him  
An Infidel. O I  
Have a mind to be  
Free—I will not be  
Enslaved by some  
Bigotted Priest, when  
They often do so when  
They can. And they  
Think they are doing  
Gods will. O I would  
Not be enslaved as  
Other sages have been.  
If I need a leader, there  
Is one in Heaven. He  
Who will be deluded without  
Learning is a fool !  
Yet one who thinks for  
Himself and sounds  
A doctrine should  
Hold to it.



## R E V E N G E .

As Juno was  
Revenged at  
Pallas, her wrath was  
Forever against Paris.

Although her fame  
Was spread through  
Many countries,  
Yet she would not forgive.

Venus as well as Pallas  
Insulted Juno as  
She thought, although Juno  
Was a noble Goddess.

Ah, she knew the Greeks  
And Romans were  
Abroad, but Paris  
Denied her the prize of beauty.

She sought Revenge,  
Her wrath was placed  
Against the Trojans,  
It was not pleasing.

As Mars was not  
Adored by the Hellenic  
Tribe, Juno was  
Not by Paris the same.

As Juno was employed  
By Jupiter to attend  
The dying females, while  
He attended to their souls.

As often as the  
Dames practising jilting,  
Jupiter described her people .  
As vain and sinful.

As Euripides was from  
The wisest parents, he  
Ought to be heard when  
Speaking to Pythagorus of Samos.

If he was the founder of  
An Italian school  
Of Philosophy, he is to  
Be honored more than gold.

He was wise—and a just  
Poet. He did much for  
His country. He who does  
The most deserves fame.

Your honor, Sir, Mr. M——. You  
wished me to write you when I ar-  
rived home.

### H A P P I N E S S .

With you on Sunday  
Morn did meet, when I  
By chance a noble dame  
Did see in solitude and solemnity.

Her sparkling eyes and rosy  
Cheeks made me enquire  
The cause of her solitude, when  
She could society have.

O she wiped the tear  
From her eye when I  
Approached the question.  
I have no friends nor money.

You know, your honor,  
At that time of five dollars  
You thought nothing. I gave  
Her pounds sterling on departure.

O she was a goddess,  
Greater than any of Greece.  
O may Rome boast of  
Her fame. O give me her.

She was learned in all the  
Ancient literature. No  
Poets nor historians but  
What she was familiar.

In the merry song  
And the giddy dance  
She was familiar  
With and gave up sporting.

O you saw me with  
Her for many an hour.  
If you saw me when  
You did you would laugh

You saw us when we  
Were amused and  
Engaged in conversation ;  
You can't accuse of evil doing.

You may think what  
You please ; I swear she  
Is a good goddess, by  
The gods of heaven I swear.

By all the powers of heaven  
He is what those sparkling  
Eyes this moment tell  
That she is a goddess.

O you honor you had  
A felon's thought ; I could  
See it in your eye. She  
Placed confidence in me.

You was jealous because  
I took the parting kiss  
From her rosy cheek, which  
You could not obtain.

O the first time I saw  
This dame, I knew she  
Was a noble one, who  
Would cheer the sage of solitude.

O ye poets and orators  
Where is your happiness ?  
Is it on the stage,  
Or with the goddesses ?

From high heaven  
They were hurled, to  
Add happiness to life.  
Without them man would sorrow.

We sported in the giddy  
Dance and the merry  
Song before we parted ;  
She fell on to my bosom.

Can you, my honor,  
As more of a dame  
Than this. We live  
For happiness.

O may you sport at  
Eve, and women over the cliffs  
And up the winding vale  
And find happiness.

O what is happiness ? You  
May have your pounds and  
Your eames, yet there is something  
Asking at your heart for more.

O happiness is that  
Which I have sought  
For many a day and hour,  
Seldom found it.

O you saw us when  
We parted. She told  
Me there was affliction ;  
O you jealous thing.

You and all the spirits  
Over head looked on me  
As I tried to defend this  
Noble goddess as I did.

This goddess came welcomed  
Home to her father's house  
Where every thing  
Would be plenty and free.

## THE FEMALE PREACHER.

She to develop her mind  
With all her classes  
Would converse and read  
All the works of philosophy  
And write on the bad  
Condition of her own  
Country. Bad management.

She often spoke of Rome ;  
Her eyes would sparkle  
When she heard Cataline  
Praised. She wept for  
Their ignorance when  
They placed him for  
His virtues in Rome.

She wept. O it was  
A horrible sight to  
See them weep, to  
See the time and  
Fortune she had spent,  
And at the last  
She left no fame.

She around with them  
Sit ; as true sincerity as  
The Romans did in sackcloth  
And ashes, when they  
Were paying homage  
To the gods of  
War and resurrection.

## ON CALLING ON A FALSE FRIEND.

O never did the infernal  
Devil, when he his kingdom  
Held and the office of a  
Secretary, never was such  
A savage ever recorded on  
Hell's fiery registry. False as  
You are, would to God you  
Never will get to heaven,  
For you will raise a war  
For nothing more than your  
Heilish looks and acts.  
You may end so in disobedience  
As much. Who is offering  
Up my blood ! The sacred  
Gods in their marble temples,  
Lounging on their golden couches  
And snapping the sparkling  
Wine from the diamond  
Cup, at the same time  
Rectifying wrath at the fourth  
Rate, that it might produce  
Death with one act.  
The oath of Judas to his  
Father would not dampen  
His ardor ! the temptation  
Of Eve would not turn  
Him from his treacherous  
Course. He would give  
A passenger a bill to heaven,  
And the same would  
Conduct him to hell.  
No grumbling, he replies,



Your bill is paid ; all  
Is right ; the poor deluded  
Traveller receives his chance,  
And it is a sad one.  
Heaven turned into floating  
Hell, and for his wine,  
Liquid sulphur. Pleasure  
Turned into horror. O  
Ye gods of happiness  
Where are you : arouse  
From your slumber. O cheer  
Me. These, with those around  
Me are cold and dark ;  
All now is desolate.  
O my friends are gone,  
Gone. I will die before  
I will weep for a traitor ;  
Too proud to bow to obtain  
Friends. He who will do  
It is a fool and a slave. #  
Condemnation and adoration  
Are fostered in a hellish  
Heart or a treacherous  
Goddess, yet I love a  
Treacherous goddess more  
Than an honest fool,  
For she well knows how to  
Act her part. If Byron  
Did marry one, he did not  
Love. And Shakspear  
Got one that was nearly  
Half a score older than  
Himself ; that is no rule  
For others to go by, or shall  
Clara, the golden goddess.  
What is sin in one may  
Be holiness in another.  
O where is the holy and

Virtuous. O for heaven's sake  
Tell me, I have been  
Wandering for years after  
Him. O I be blind on  
The road to the vaults of  
Hell! Eternal hell!  
O this goddess leaves weeping  
And roves from door to  
Door begging her bread.  
On his account her father's  
Temple door was closed  
Against her. She knew  
The law, but transgressed it.  
O I try to think the immortal  
Gods of earth form a hell  
For this man that is ten  
Degrees hotter than the one  
Plutus has his dominion over.  
O ye gods, who have regard  
For the vicissitudes of the  
Human race, O I beseech  
You in the name of heaven  
Sink him in chaos. The  
Fears of hell cannot dissolve,  
And let his soul be toasted  
By the devils with their glittering  
Spears. O now let his  
Groans be heard in the  
Golden walls of Paradise.  
If it is so let them all  
Rejoice that he is in hell!

## LOVE SICK DAMES.

O all ye goddesses of  
The green rugged cliff,  
This night to thee I  
Bid adieu. O would to  
God that my spirit  
Could rove through  
Those arches  
Of nature, where  
Those lovely gems  
Are illuminated  
By the king of night  
When fools are in  
Repose and sages  
Meditating within  
The sacred walls of  
Castleton, or the  
Sacred goddesses over  
The green cliffs of the  
East, or the sparkling  
Water at their feet  
Does flow can I  
Behold. If I had  
Not I would not, but  
I have. O here is my  
Hand or one hundred  
Pounds. Deliver me  
From love sick dames;  
I had rather have my  
Soul rest in hell than  
To have the wrath  
Of one rest on me!  
For I should never

Expect to be free.  
If I do differ from  
The rest of the human  
Race, it is in accordance  
With nature. If I  
Should violate that  
Law I should excite  
The wrath of God. I  
Am for peace with God,  
Man and the devil.

## S U N S E T .

O those long  
And extended  
Glimmering rays,  
Which have vibrated  
For many a day  
Each one as it  
Revolved. The noble  
Glow which behind  
It left, there the  
Spirit of love roved  
And reposed. O  
I did not know  
The power of love  
Until I was placed  
On the distant coast,  
Where I could not  
Place my hand on  
The blooming rose  
And see you wipe  
The affectionate tears  
From the rosy cheek.  
O the sparkling eyes  
Would send the  
Rays of piercing love  
O to God that I  
This night could  
Be with thee and  
Pluck the rich laurels  
O I never expect  
Again to see thy  
Rosy cheeks and

The glimmering rays  
That are sent from  
Thy black Italian  
Eyes and place my  
Hand on thy blooming  
Breast, and from  
This golden cup sup  
The glistening wine  
With thee. O fair  
Maid of the green  
Glens and rugged  
Cliffs, where we have  
Roved and plucked the  
Laurel by the rays  
Of the moon which  
Illuminated our path,  
And there is no one  
The wiser, for they  
Never heard our thoughts.  
Signs are as good as  
Words and sometimes  
Better, when there are  
Spies in the camp, as  
There is in all men  
You know. He was  
Revenged. I thought  
No harm, when I in  
Your company sought.  
Nor did I care, I  
Never saw that man  
I would ask pardon;  
And to every one I  
Will pay due respect.  
O heaven where am  
I, what am I about;  
Am I in the vaults  
Of hell, feasting on  
The sacred souls of

Heaven. If I am,  
I am miserable.  
Since I those sparkling  
Eyes, I have left  
I never have said  
I loved, and never  
Will, yet I have seen  
Thee there. I would  
Give my life, if it  
Were requested, to  
This goddess.  
But she is gone,  
And I am free, and  
Care not for my  
Sake any more on  
This golden cup, and  
The nine will chase  
Me as much as  
You have. Angels  
And sacred gods  
This silly thing have  
Done. Alexander  
Wept for more worlds  
To conquer. Sages have  
Fell victims to this monster  
Which the Queen controls.  
He is more solitary at  
The midnight, as  
Philosophers and old divines.  
O hour ! horrible to all  
The midnight scenes ;  
Angels trembled, blood  
From their breasts flowed,  
Groans that make the  
Golden overhanging skies  
Resound. I have your  
Vow, ego apapa spalvi, as  
It by your only hand

On your blooming  
Cheek. I saw in  
Those eyes deceit, as  
I thought, and time  
Will prove all things.  
Your words in my  
Youth did sway my  
Mind. You had  
Failed in one point,  
You may in another.  
O I have oftentimes  
Seen myself riding  
On the rolling waves  
Of fire, about to lodge  
On the rugged cliffs of  
Hell. I should rather,  
For choice, have rested  
There than in your  
Bands. I would have  
Been more horror than  
Pleasure. O give me  
The reverse. Yet I like  
The blooming dame, or  
Goddess as you say I  
May call her. If  
She can arouse me  
From solitude, that is  
All she deserves that I  
Know of. If dames or  
Goddesses will cure it,  
I will foot the bill. It  
Takes fourteen years service,  
But she is to be mine,  
If she can find me  
A bill of divorce, she  
May be free and practice  
Without such acts.  
You cannot expect a



Recompense. All those  
Counsellors without success  
Have the same.  
It is not right, but  
Every one to his' profession.  
Without compensation  
The physician is compelled  
To practice. You must  
Obey the laws of right  
And wrong, if God  
And man has made them.  
We have fools to make  
Our laws for sages to  
Go by. The election of  
President and nullifier  
Has put this nation  
Back for ten years,  
If not fifty, and by  
Some they are called  
Gods, while they disown  
Some other name.  
O then, my holy goddess,  
To thee as long as I  
Dissipate no one but  
The sacred Gods do  
Know when we shall  
Meet. O we are parted ;  
When, O when shall we  
Meet again. I condemn  
Thee not, but he who  
Has led your mind from  
Realities to fiction, and  
Represented fables for  
Sacred truth. O you  
Are on the golden chain  
That binds you and him.  
It cannot be broken ;  
I would not if I

Could, for it would  
Make both miserable.  
It is on your account  
I care for him.  
He has fetched horrors  
On thee. O reflect not  
On the past, but cheer  
Thyself in hope that  
You may, in coming  
Time, rove in the  
Distant glen, and  
Sit on the bank of  
Purling brooklets, and  
Rove over the rugged cliff.  
O weep not at your  
Misfortune ; there is  
A God that will crown  
You with glory.

## TO LORD B——.

The sun bright rose,  
On high Olympus  
Rested, and the rays  
Of the glimmering  
Moon this night on  
Me do rest—and  
With a milder gleam  
Since I from you turned,  
And have come ;  
And like those if  
I had the power of  
Jove I would thrust  
Them to hell or the  
River Po. I have not,  
So let the poor devils  
Go. If you minded  
All every one said,  
I would not. A lord  
Weep and beg for his  
Head ! There is one  
Whose name I will  
Not mention, for he  
Is beneath my notice,  
But wishes me harm,  
You know him, and  
R is the first and the  
Last letter of his name.  
O for God's sake dine  
With the devils for you  
Will have sulphur in

The liquid state for  
Your drink. I have  
Seen him nine times  
Drink in a week, and  
Vomit on his dames  
Blooming breast.  
No harm on his part,  
For the fool paid the  
Bill with change he  
Left on rosy carpet, and  
Silk as he was prostrated  
On the floor he could  
Not speak no more  
Than I, when her  
Father fed her and  
She licked her hand,  
She wept while he was  
Rolling on the marble  
Desk. She was a  
Native with black and  
Long hair, black face  
And eyes. O he thought  
Her a Goddess. You  
Must make allowance  
For his natural propensities  
And education. I should  
Think you would when  
You see his  
Ossa nas'r. I do  
Not wish to say  
Anything disrespectful  
Of his nation. If he  
Is right and obtained  
A black nature when he  
Thinks himself white.  
When he is drunk  
O let us pray to Argus,

Jupiter, Juno that he  
Would not like to  
Have us pray to Ocyracho  
Because he was transformed  
Into a mare pledged  
To the holy Gods, and  
Apollo for a reformation,  
For Jupiter knows you  
Could not make him  
Worse. O let the poor  
Devil take his nativity  
And a crown, and to  
Tartarus go, You may  
Think for yourself what  
This crown will be  
O when the king of  
The fire steps on the  
Earth. She groans when  
She the holy plains  
Polluted by devils. They  
Weep and sigh.  
O I could rejoice  
To be allowed to see my  
Cur pull his heart  
And loins of his  
Blood would not  
Take his life. It  
Would be worse than  
Dying. Let his soul  
Be petrified in the  
Euxine, be preserved to reside  
In Hell for eternity.

## A G A P A .

O thou art more  
Powerful than the  
Revolving Electricity  
Of the great Jehovah,  
Who with it came,  
Make the Heavens  
And the earth tremble.  
O a true Zantach  
Son of Philosophy.  
Thy head is a diamond,  
Thy breast of marble.  
Thine extremities of  
Liquid coals—firm  
As the footstool of Dens  
More powerful than  
Jove ever was. O  
Guilty of the crime  
Of transforming Sages,  
Or magicians into  
Beasts. O words  
Cannot express thy  
Glory, thy power.  
Mortal man cannot  
Lock you any more  
Than he can on the mighty  
King who rises in the east,  
And makes his way to  
The west, rolling golden  
Waves and leaves a  
Sign that gives us hopes,  
He will again appear.  
As soon as man behold:  
His power and glory he

Dazzles his eye and turns  
His eyes towards the ground  
And blushes and resolves,  
O glorious king of day,  
She in her mansion sits,  
And with her diagrams  
Explains the course, the  
Planets around the sun  
When they leave and return.  
O her glittering head  
Will turn the wandering  
Soul as the magnetic  
Pole, will the tottering needle.  
She is good counsel as  
The imperial chamber  
Of Germany can furnish,  
O thou sweet solicitor  
O thou fairest of the east,  
Wiser than the king of  
Egypt, must thou die  
That thou art not crowned  
A Goddess of fame and  
Made immortal. I must  
Wonder Thou art worthy  
Of a kingdom of thine own.  
O Heaven did you on  
Your onward course prove  
Prosperous. True the frown  
Of hell will molest and  
Offend thee. Take this  
Ring until we meet again,  
May this be a sign to Agapa.

## TO CHARLES.

At a well turned ship  
From a safe port does  
Sail, their sails all furled  
To the breeze on the sea.

After many days cruising  
She returned. She had parted  
The waters of many briny  
Waves, and baffled many a storm.

Her sails were torn from  
Her mast ; her compass would  
Not traverse ; she was drifted  
Back to port by the mighty tempest.

With Charles, as this ship,  
He with ten thousand pounds  
From the shore of prosperity  
Started, all for a noble dame.

They on the sparkling waters  
Did glide, and from the fountains  
Of happiness drank the pure crystal  
Water of sorrow, which they moved thro'.

They on the highest top of  
Honor did stand, in the first  
Of society, wealth placed him  
There more than his wit.

All thearitos and bragrides  
He was familiar. His dame  
Was amused to see him take  
Her pounds and spend to her happiness.



She thought not but his gold  
Would last as long as he wished  
To use it. There must be an  
Income, or at last your money goes.

Time and tide carried these  
On the tempestuous sea, in a  
Short time they arrive at their  
Harbor, where wretchedness meets them.

O this traveller they never wished  
To meet, they had got into the  
Rapid current. It was in vain  
For him to endeavor to change.

He had been drifting on the sea  
For a long time ; his sails were  
Gone, he had no rudder to guide  
His ship to the harbor of happiness.

He saw his fate, he was astonished ;  
Not aware of his ship being aground,  
His pilot was filled with wine and  
Out of the latitude did run.

She sighed, she groaned and wept,  
To think of such a contrast.  
From the highest circle of life  
To that of a slave ; yes worse.

As they were in the golden  
Chariots on the rosy clouds,  
In the concave heavens they  
Were amused by archangels.

Many an hour she has spent  
Happily in the giddy dance,  
Swinging with Charles. They  
Never thought of adversity or solitude.

Man's sweetest taste of sin,  
And the dame of solitude,  
Without these lessons they  
Are not qualified for happiness.

If they had learned these things  
Before they on the sea of time  
Had entered, they would not have  
Thought they were in hell when in heav'n.

O it was enough to make the  
Midnight assassin weep to  
See this dame with her rosy  
Cheeks on his breast.

He put his arm around her waist  
And wiped the tears from her cheek.  
With a smile he spoke, O  
Do not die in despair.

With his second estate he  
With his dame went to  
Arouse her from her melancholy  
State. He could not raise her spirit.

She sighed so, she on the billows  
Was drifted by the tempest. O enough  
To satisfy her. The second estate  
Was going as the first. And she wept.

You have no friends to have  
Your estate. O for heaven's sake  
And mine stop your roving, and  
Settle in some noble mansion.

He thought his wealth came from  
The providential hand; roving he  
Went; all nations he saw, their  
Religions he was familiar with.

His dame to see her father's mansion  
Went, and stayed until he returned  
In rags, and every farthing spent  
Before he got home to his native land.

O when she saw him she wept,  
Her heart throbb'd as if it was diseased,  
She trembled; a stranger would have  
thought  
That with palsy she was struck.

O as we were on the tempestuous  
Seas, gliding over the billows with  
A noble ship, I advised you to  
A noble mansion, and sit in your park.

If I had done that, no nation  
I should have seen but my  
Own. O I am happier with what  
I have got than I would be with pounds.

She wept again; he on her thorax  
Placed his hand from her rosy  
Lips took a kiss. O yet affectionately  
Will you go with me my friend.

O this brought tears into the lord's  
Eye. O my friend I have no  
Mansion for you, my sporting  
Or horses, we cannot chase the deer.

Can vice and virtue spring  
From one true fountain of  
Holiness. God the ruler of  
Hell and the creator of all.

As the chariot of the high land  
Of Providence is impossible to  
Go, or for it to change, but becomes  
A free actor, indifferent of the first cause.

From one source all things sprung ;  
 It is impossible for you to prove cause  
 'To exist, and be independent. It  
 Acts as he desired it to go.

O reflect for a moment. See some  
 Noble work that come from some  
 Good architect ; where is the responsi-  
 bility  
 Resting of that noble workman.

From what fountain sprung all  
 'Things you must trace all things  
 To the first cause. Try the criminal  
 Who is guilty, not the innocent.

Man ought to please the Great  
 Jehovah more than theatrical ;  
 The dame in the giddy dance  
 Or the noble goddesses in the merry song.

O my dear, whatever I  
 Have I have the will to give  
 If you into my keeping will  
 Come, I will comfort you.

O despise me not, because I have  
 Met with mis'fortune. I was  
 Young. O it was pleasure for  
 Me to visit the ruins of sacred cities.

My lands can earn the bread  
 To nourish you, and obtain  
 The same name to arouse you from  
 Your sorrows and quiet your spirit.

She had a noble soul, she was  
 Equal to a noble sage, all  
 Parts of government she was  
 Familiar with, ready to converse.

She had rather die than to live  
In degradation after a great  
Misfortune on his part. She  
Come into possession of the estate.

She on her harp could arouse  
Him. She by telling his adventures  
And relating the condition  
Of the fallen empires and sacked cities.

O tell me ye sacred gods and  
Goddesses, who guide man and  
Fix his fate ; some in hell floating,  
Others in hell singing.

Lord Charles and his dame  
Sailing thus, cast their anchor  
In heaven, and listened  
To the song of cymbal and flute.

Good great, sacred and  
Divine, the highest crime  
He was guilty of, and  
Merely taking alms.

He was known in heaven  
Before he the gates  
Entered. He made his way: All  
Heaven trembled except Dios.

The merry songs and the  
Giddy dance with him  
Had past. All he can do  
Is to listen to angels conversation.

Singing praise to him  
Who first created all. Here  
Is a contrast. Empires  
Established and kings dethroned.

As the sportsman in his chase  
Is pleased to see the game  
Before him fall, and his hounds  
Pursue over the towering cliff.

O it is hard to think the virtuous  
Man by the just God falls.  
It is not his will ; if it  
Was, man would live equal.

O ye men of all nations, tell  
Me what religion is. Every nation  
Has a sort of religion. O God  
Of mercy show all the true religion.

Why is it all religions are true  
And none are right? No two  
Nations will agree in salvation.  
One wishes to have his prevail.

Mahomet would rejoice if he  
Could have established in all  
Parts of the world his doctrine.  
How can a false doctrine prosper?

The dying groans and the  
Mournful songs and griefs and  
Tears dropping from the sparkling  
Eyes of Hindoostan proves their religion.

O fools as you may think, yet  
They sustain their religion  
And worship their God in  
Sincerity, as we do Jesus Christ.

Your songs, your prayer made  
For worship may appear as  
Disgusting to them as theirs  
Do to the Christian of America.

O for heaven's sake and happiness  
And the welfare of all nations,  
Yet they love their own  
Religion, it is their way.

Nothing exists without consent,  
Nothing moves but what is first put  
In motion directly or indirectly,  
The second causes the third.

Heaven regulates and establishes in  
Holiness. Planets harmoniously  
Converse with each other as the  
Strong hand passes them on.

Conscience and mind are not  
Combined with one, you have  
Not the othes and the poor  
Soul goes fluttering thus to heaven.

Ambitious as man may be  
If he is deprived of these properties  
He is worse than a brute ; too  
Mean to have a seat in hell.

As conscientious as he might be  
Of doing good, without combined  
With reason and the everlasting spirit,  
Nothing can be accomplished.

O sacred, just, divine and great  
All wise being thrust his pen from me,  
If this is not true conscience,  
Is not independent.

To thee I solemnly awake my  
Songs of praise, if to thee I have  
The power to act, I act for  
Without thee I could not move.

To thee I hold all things sacred,  
Whether it is to my welfare or  
Misfortune. To thee, O Lord,  
I invoke my sacred songs.

From thee I receive all blessing  
Thy power is seen and felt.  
Thou art a hidden ministry which  
Man cannot define.

Conscience, and conscience alone  
Tells man there is a God. Speaks  
Plainly and distinctly to him that there  
Is a creator of all things.



## MIND AND MATTER.

Mind—when the mind is  
Affected, or a man when  
His brain is taken from  
His cranium, if he can  
Think independent of his  
Brain, then I will believe  
The mind is independent.  
If man can live when he is  
Deprived of his brain.  
More than this no man says.  
The doctrine is abandoned  
That matter is the origin  
Of thought. By whom? It  
Must have been by your  
Deciples. No man of reason  
Has abandoned it. I know  
And all know that reflect,  
That he forms the cause of  
All things, and of all the  
Ideas one has. Deprive him  
Of his brain and he has no  
Mind unless the matter  
Is found to think, it will not,  
No more than the different  
Parts of an organ, when  
They are all in the right  
Position, when all the  
Parts are in the right places,  
As the organs of the cranium,  
They act as the will  
Desires, whether it be God  
Or man God the first

Cause, and man the  
Second, be after he had  
Proved that matter was not  
The origin of thought—there  
Was no matter in what he  
Has formed—he talks of  
The unknown worlds and  
The resurrection, of the body  
Degrees of happiness, of the soul  
That is true. I believe  
We are all as the same in hell,  
This we are taught by the  
Sacred scripture, which every  
Christian learns to believe.  
Christ is our hope and savior,  
Without him we are miserable  
And lost in idolatry and superstition.  
O what is this to do with  
The origin of thought?  
What is to some advantage,  
Is to others misfortune.  
He had better hold on to  
Tubili satiferi, and reflect  
On the origin of thought,  
He might give better  
Satisfaction in his  
Philosophy.  
O holy, infinite and all  
Wise, he who turned the  
Sluggish matter into active  
Mind we believe in thee.  
In coming time it will be  
Transferred to Heaven.  
There the sages soul who believes  
Matter cannot be made to  
Think.  
He says God is a substance,  
And reasons well if this is the

Fact and every where present,  
He must be transparent as  
The air, or human beings could  
See the first cause  
And reason act.  
If God is not master or  
Does it matter not, if we  
Know there is a God, and  
From him all things spring,  
One God independent, self-  
Existant, the author of all  
Worlds, a mighty king  
And all are blest with  
Active members as human  
Beings, all act to please the  
Almighty will. Souls transformed  
From one kingdom to another,  
Yet they may go when in slumber  
And there awake not on their  
Voyage. Sojourning souls and  
Thinking matter may be or  
Not, sent or kept, which  
Know not but believe,  
Either to Hell or Heaven  
Is our home. All afflictions  
Are placed on the human  
Soul and woman's sophistry  
And man's frailness, or  
She might at first sell  
Him with wine, and then  
Offer him the golden fruit.  
Oh she with all her deception  
Is yet lovely, and man is  
Miserable with his companion,  
When you violate the laws  
Of nature, you contend  
Against the mighty God  
Who controls the works of

Nature—although some  
Are made miserable by  
Connecting the connubial  
Bands, and some are happy  
Live as I live, O you  
Cannot live happy in  
Wedded life it is hard  
To be recreant, or to be recanted  
After you have made a bad  
Bargain. Each one pleased  
Their own head, and the one  
That pleased it the best  
Gets the praise. It is good  
To know all things which  
Require a long study, and  
Wise folks are sometimes sent  
To hell at last for rebelling,  
Who have said the wisdom  
Of God they know, and  
Could analyze his powers.  
If they have not gone they  
Ought to go. For infinite  
Power was never designed  
For mortals to know.  
When he before his saints  
Would appear, now resembling  
Thunder—and now lightning,  
As mighty and God-like  
As Cranmer, who shed his  
Blood and gave his life  
For the public good,  
And as when Pakenham  
Was taken, and the bands  
Of British troops.  
When the thundering  
From the British guns did  
Not frighten the soaring and  
Victorious eagle. He would

Look down on them with  
Scorn and see worlds he  
Never thought. He would  
Live on the sacred blood  
Of those he with his  
Mighty arm by chance had  
Seized and then retire to  
His cave. As many sects  
And leaders live as the noble  
Lords sup on the blood of  
The poor and cry holiness.  
Eyes like fire, and a face  
That would stand the fires  
Of hell. They would see  
Their brothers heart from his  
Breast taken for five pounds  
Of gold. He would preach  
To please his audience,  
Not to impart intelligence;  
Although he thought that  
God could not make matter  
Think. He has said God  
Is the cause of all things.  
If that is true, matter thinks;  
Man cannot think when  
The brain is gone, and the  
Brain is matter, and her  
Fools are great reasoners  
On the mind I say nothing  
Of the soul. The sacred  
Will decides that the soul  
Is from this corrupt place,  
To hell or heaven. If  
We live in accordance with  
Gods bow their songs of Zion  
Are prest on our ear.  
The infidel and drunkard  
Are thrust to the vaults of hell.

By his words you might  
Think he was as powerful as  
Titans, and brave as  
Heros. He is a different  
Man, he thrives for virtue  
And has great success  
O may the help of the Lord  
Be granted to every Christian.  
O let Christ's cause and  
True mental philosophy  
Advance. O never say  
Ye unbelievers, God cannot  
Make matter think, which  
He has. And all the human  
Heads will go to hell or  
Heaven.

## ANCIENT HISTORY.

We read of olden times  
Of men who fell from  
Grace by their own disobedience;  
The law they knew, and  
Obeyed it not, thus  
Dissenting to the law they  
Were sent to hell. Hell  
Is their abode, for they  
Disobeyed the law which  
Was found so established  
By the first king. It  
Was expelled by the second  
Thus it went on until  
It came to Christ.  
He exploded the law of Moses  
And established his own,  
Although he said Moses  
Was a good man  
Different creeds which  
Were established from  
Christ's own laws with  
The Romans and the Greeks.  
Thus the Roman Catholic  
Church was established;  
Thus their church creed  
Was abominable. The  
Idolatry, superstition and  
Ignorance, servility to their  
Hierarchies. I should  
Think that the great  
Men of Rome and Greece

Might foresee their destiny ;  
They are men that pretend  
That they have wisdom.  
O God ! If this were true,  
Why did God not choose  
Such men to act.  
Instead of making peace  
They made war, and  
Insisted on advancing  
The signal of contest.  
They with their selfish  
Power strewed the vale  
With devastation and  
Ignorance before them.  
Thus sages and poets  
All combined through  
Rome and Greece. The  
Churches they ruled.  
Thus a sect was taught  
To believe what the  
Priest said was the  
Word of God. Thus when  
The Pope obtained the  
Power of all, he made  
The king kiss his feet  
For the pardoning of his  
Sins. Thus for gratification  
The king made the serf  
Do the same and drink  
The holy water which run  
From the Pope's feet ;  
This was good for an  
Emetic. Thus the king  
Made them believe that  
He could cure the disease  
By applying his hand  
To their neck.  
Thus you can see how



The Pope has made them  
Believe that in Greece and  
Rome and Ireland he  
Is a God.

When peace and harmony  
Prevail, then Popery tried  
To show its power.

If there was one thing  
Advanced against their  
Doctrine, one would  
Have to be beheaded for  
His belief. King James  
Was ambitious ; he had  
Many friends, and wished  
To obtain more. The  
Pope opposed the cause ;  
There was war. King  
James, with all his hosts,  
Made the Pope bow, which  
Never was done before  
King James was victorious.  
King Solomon he honored ;  
You know what he had  
Said of great sages.

Some were carried on the  
Spears and thrust into  
The flames. There stood  
Father, mother, sister and  
Brother, and saw their  
Flesh burnt from their  
Bones. O heaven, my God !  
The shrieks which that  
Poor mother gave would  
Make you tremble. The  
Blood curdle in your veins.  
If Popery was the true  
Religion of God, he would  
Not suffer so many to

Be murdered innocent.  
Rivers of blood have been  
Shed and holy spirits  
Sent to the other world  
All for the Popish religion  
Which the Pope has obtained  
Such power. It would make  
The angels tremble, that  
Cord of love and holiness  
Which binds converts to  
God to angels, and angels  
To descend and swear  
That was broken assunder  
By the Pope. Thus Paradise  
Becomes corrupt as hell,  
And heaven was forsaken  
For a time. Angels turned  
Black and did not know  
Themselves.  
God promised to change  
Them back if they would  
Turn this hell into paradise.  
Man, with all his knowledge  
And assistance of the devil,  
Cannot turn hell into heaven  
Or heaven into hell.  
O deliver me from Popery.  
I had rather not know the  
Law of God than be a  
Roman Catholic ; I had  
Rather live in the arcades  
And amid the ruins of Greece.  
All this availeth nothing ;  
Without God is with man.  
May the good and the great  
Forsake all that is mean,  
And make sages hold to  
That which is good,

Let him send forth his  
Glory in all his works ;  
If it is in the electric clouds,  
Or rays of light in the form  
Of the burning bush. Let his  
Holy spirit bind kings and serfs  
In harmony. Let all Roman  
Priests not take their own hearts  
Blood because we should  
Differ on religion, for it is  
Mean. Do not be such  
A fool to think God requires  
It of you. Do not be  
So bigoted on faith, for that  
Is all. You know nothing of  
Malor dilon pasin authropois.  
Do not be so mean as to  
Shed thy own brother's blood  
For faith. Some rely on reason,  
Others that cannot reason  
Will go on faith. O don't Mr.  
Pope, behead those that differ  
With thee on religion and faith.  
Higinus, the Roman bishop,  
Who first introduced  
Godfathers and godmothers  
And baptism was introduced.  
They thought that man  
Could not be saved without  
He was first washed in the  
Lamb's blood.  
A sage or a king might  
As well die as to say that  
That doctrine was false.  
O heaven, see what Popery  
Has done. It has been the  
Means of shedding the blood  
Of many innocent men ;

Their hearts have been torn  
Out from their bodies  
And consumed in the  
Flaming fires, and their  
Souls sent to hell because  
They would not believe as  
'I he Pope. You know that  
The Pope has the power to  
Do as he pleases. To send  
A man to paradise or  
To hell for disobedience.  
O heaven ! see what fates  
Lost on spears floating  
In the liquid sulphur, filling  
The air with flame, and  
The rocks sending forth their  
Groans. All this, and there  
They must remain as long  
As God exists.  
O reflect. See the time you  
Must float in hell. O horrible.  
O see your heart hanging  
On the pointed spear of war.  
Then repent and turn to Christ.

## BAPTISM.

Baptism has caused the  
Heart's blood of many to  
Shed. All for baptism!  
Is this Religion? If it is  
I want no more of it.  
Popery is bad, but deliver  
Me from Baptism. That  
Is not religion. God never  
Told men to take life to  
Establish his law. If it is  
God's law, he can establish  
It without war. He can  
Make it appear so plain  
To all that it is his law.  
O fools, contend not for  
Those things, for it is nothing  
But faith who will give his  
Life for faith.  
The title of Pope has been  
A long time in existence,  
But first applied by Higinus  
To the priests. Pius, a  
Good man, the Roman bishop,  
Declared the Lord's resurrection  
Should be kept on the Sabbath:  
Thus you can see he sustained  
The ancient law. He lived  
In one hundred and fifty-four  
Of our Lord. Previous to this  
Time the *selecti* were advocated,

But at this time one is as  
Much as we can take care  
Of. And at last some are  
Lost in torment.

Next came the convocation  
Of Virgins to the Gods.

O many of them were  
Corrupt as the church.

Some were saved through  
The atonement of Christ  
Entered the churches, and other  
Officers were appointed. The  
Men of that time were honored  
To hold an office in the church.

Then came persecution and  
Free Christians had to die,  
Stretched on the cross ; their  
Hearts were pierced by the  
Spears of war, which had  
Been dipt in poison.

To die is a horrible thing  
For some, but for them  
To die was happiness.  
For choice they had rather  
Die on the cross with torment.

O see your christian friends,  
With their heart's blood gushing  
Forth, which had been  
Pierced by a spear of war.

Justin wrote his sacred  
Apology, and was beheaded  
In the same year, for  
Christianity. He was a  
Noble soldier of the cross  
Of faith. Anisatus of

Rome, a sage he was, and  
Spoken was there no harm  
Of him ; and Polycarp, at

Smyrna, argued for the  
Sake of power to let the  
Greek and the Latin  
Christians observe their  
Own day, and consecrate  
Their temples to God.  
Then Polycarpe was martyred  
At Smyrna; then Anicetus  
Of Rome directed the  
Convocation of bishops,  
And the shaving of the  
Heads as they do in China.  
They thought it was the law  
Of God. Thus fools believed  
What sages told them, if  
It was to sit down in  
Sackcloth and ashes and  
Muse. The shaving of the  
Heads of priests is abandon'd  
At present. What looks  
Worse than a man with  
His head shaved. I should  
Think he was a candidate for  
Sing-sing.  
Melestus address'd the people  
On Christianity; thus do'ing  
Away with mythology he  
Establish'd Christianity:  
He sought for happiness within  
The walls of Paradise, where  
The walls look'd as if they  
Were made of gold instead  
Of brass. Thus you see  
Deception among priests.  
Thus Nero the great, who  
Was the first persecutor  
Of the Christians. Calagula  
And Antonius, their deeds

Are all on record, and  
Are barbarous. There were  
Some who were in favor  
Of Christians. They had  
To contend with the Pope.  
It is true that Antónius  
Defended the cause of the  
Christians in the Roman  
Senate chamber.  
From the time of Heliogabulus,  
Alexander Maximus,  
Gordian Phillip, Dasittas,  
Nalariene Theodosius,  
Galas Homerus and  
Old Boniface, then  
Came the Pope; before were  
Emperors. They all did  
Deeds of great greatness.  
Thus they found that the  
Blessings that did so  
Bounteously bear on  
Them, they discovered  
Were against the high  
Artillery of heaven.  
After a long war they were  
All blockaded.  
The summers breeze was  
Down wafting them on  
Their gallant ship; could  
No longer plow the liquid  
Brine, nor her lofty  
Sails which were once  
Spread to the breeze be  
Raised. The magnificent  
Temples and holy city,  
Which as spears did seem  
To reach the heavens,  
Were mouldered to the



Dust. Desolate, forsaken  
City! O what is the cause  
Of that.  
Next came Sergius, a  
Counsellor from Constantinople.  
From his high ethereal  
Throne down to Popery.  
Added one hundred and  
Three canons to the  
Ecclesiastical law,  
Which caused great  
Contention. Thus you  
See what law has done.  
Next the nativity of the  
Virgin Mary was appointed  
As a day of festivity.  
The feast of the Transfiguration  
Was first observed.  
Aripert, king of the Lombards,  
Gave the Roman Pontiff  
The Celtic Alps for the  
Ecclesiastical patrimony.  
From then to now you can  
See vice handed down.  
From John the Sixth, to  
Eugenius the Twelfth, schism  
Has been with the Roman priests  
Wickedness, disordered pride and  
Uncleanness. Then the feast  
Of the Trinity was instituted  
By Pope Gregory. The feasts  
Of All Martyrs was changed  
By Gregory to All Saints on  
November. Pope, serf, or  
King, when he has power,  
He likes to show it. Thus  
You can see it in Gregory.  
That king or pope who

Will sacrifice his country  
And the happiness of his  
Countrymen, is meaner  
Than a brute. Show me  
One that will not contend  
For his own rights. Not one.  
They have more honor than  
Some kings. I have seen  
Some kings who choose for  
Their mates swine to  
Amuse themselves with,  
They would take a whip  
And drive them in the yard  
To hear them grunt and  
Squeal. This kind of  
Intelligence is not worthy  
Of a king. O forsake such a king.  
Next Mahomedanism entered  
Italy, but could not  
Capture Rome. Then image,  
Worship at Constantinople.  
Popish Rome, the genuine  
Mother of harlots, lived  
Amidst the idolaters,  
There were two Popes murdered  
By Marasia, a harlot, that  
She might place John,  
Her own son, in the Popedom.  
Mathias was adored by the  
Ethiopeans. Thus the Greeks  
And Latins were nominally  
Reunited, and all appeared  
To be the children of God.  
The feast of James, Matthias  
Simon was established.  
Thus talking of great deeds  
Of men, customs and trials  
And afflictions.

I might write from the  
Sixty-fifth year of our Lord to  
Leo the tenth in fifteen  
Hundred and fifteen.  
Man, whose mighty arm  
Has done deeds of greatness.  
Thus, like Joshua, could command  
The sun and moon to stand still,  
And which never moved.  
This we believe according to  
Kelper. I think Kelper's  
Principle is not true. I  
Will let it rest for some  
Philosopher to explain.  
We can conceive that  
Theodora, a renowned woman  
Who ruled the Romans,  
Had the power to appoint  
Popes. O this goddess, forsaken  
By heaven and adored by  
Rome. Rome become  
A rendezvous for the  
Vicious. She forsook virtue ;  
Her golden columns, which  
Supported her sacred altars,  
Where the souls of youth had  
Been sacrificed for their  
Own sons. O fools, to think  
God would accept of such  
An offering on your part.  
No ; but if there is one  
Saved, it will be the youth.  
Praise the God of justice  
And righteousness, that  
Custom is done away with.  
O how that steel glittered in  
His hand as he raised  
It to draw the innocent

Blood from his sacred  
Son. Then God with his  
Mighty power sent forth in  
Electric form and caused  
The steel to crumble at  
His feet. O he was amazed  
When he saw, and exclaimed  
To his God, Spare my life,  
O I have offended thee, I knew it  
Not until now. O spare my  
Life! For heaven's sake spare.  
From Paschal to Julius  
The Second, many Popes were  
Appointed, and many forms  
Of salvation and worship  
Were instituted, and the  
Howling of devils filled every  
Saint's ear. Well, the  
Citizens of Rome blushed  
Black when the Gods told  
Them to repent or be damned.  
Some were so established in  
Their habits that they chose  
To be damned. Now I will  
Leave Nero and cling to  
My God for the resurrection  
Of my spifit in heaven,

## I N V O C A T I O N .

O ye immortal Gods!  
To you I address my  
Prayer from my silent  
Home and solitude.

O where hast thou  
Wandered for many  
A day—O return  
With thy merry song.

As we parted the  
Cord of love did  
Extend like vibrations  
That are on the sea.

All was silent as death,  
Into her room he  
Entered. Her sparkling  
Eyes set in their sockets.

As I entered the room  
She wept not on my  
Account, but on her own,  
To think of the future.

By her side stood  
Two lovely children  
With hands extended,  
From their eyes dropped a tear.

No more I could hear  
The song from the harp,

All was grief and mourning.  
It seemed like a death scene.

O from solitude arouse  
To mirth—in pleasing tune,  
I spoke. It seemed to cheer,  
From her couch she arose.

This astonished her friends  
To think that words would  
Do more than medicine,  
They called me a skilful man.

In a short time she was  
Sporting in the giddy  
Dance and sending off the  
Merry song from the harp.

O I saw her by her  
Lover sit. He kindly took  
The parting kiss and wept,  
To see his dame so sad.

O to see those lovely children  
By their father sit. Their eyes  
Turned on him would  
Make an Angel weep for them.

O to thee I say from solitude  
Arouse, there is nothing that  
Will fetch on a disease  
Like solitude and indolence.

O ye Gods and Goddesses  
Of medicine if you have  
Success, you had to arouse  
Your patients from solitude.

This dame I met in  
Corinth in Greece one

Day—of all she excelled  
In real beauty.

On the sea I saw her  
Ship sailing, and from  
Her mast a flag of fire  
Waving in the brine,

As her ship over the  
Briny wave was going  
It into a circle formed  
As it over the waves rode.

All seemed to roll beneath  
Her decks harmoniously,  
She could calm the storm  
Or make the ship lost.

From Heaven to earth—and  
Main her power extended  
She could calm the sage  
And make earth tremble.

O think not that you  
Are powerful because you  
Can from sea to sea go  
And not command the motions.

As from Heaven to Christ  
Power was given the same  
Soon was shown to the Goddess,  
To accomplish mishaps,

When she by the tempest  
Was driven. She could ride  
The waves where others would  
Perish in the storm.

When she was pursued  
In a chase, she raised

The tempest, and washed  
The deck with blood !

The cries of the dying  
Were music in her  
Ear, and drowning on her  
Deck was a Jubilee.

As she was coasting on  
The deep, the noble ship  
Took fire. It was  
Impossible to stop it.

This Goddess and her  
Noble Lords were sporting  
In the giddy dance from  
Thence to groaning they went.

O to see their eyes it  
Would make one shudder,  
Like fire they looked right  
From the vaults of hell.

Their groans were ten times  
Worse than any devil  
Floating in the liquid  
Fires of sulphurous hell.

She with her hands extended  
Towards Heaven her  
Solemn prayer in  
Eloquence asked her help.

O it was too late for  
Her this assistance  
To ask for her spirit  
Was on fire, past recovery,

She swept the ground,  
She sighed and wiped the



Tears from her rosy  
Cheeks, all was hopeless.

At last she hoisted the  
Flag of distress. Her  
Ship was seen in flame  
By a coaster of the East.

This Goddess he knew  
And to her his hand  
Extended, and from the  
Deck of fire he took her.

This Goddess left behind  
One thousand noble soldiers  
On the briny waves, most  
Of them out of misery.

Her prayer was in vain,  
Her arm was not powerful,  
To save them, she wept when  
She left them dying.

She rejoiced when she on to  
Lord Loomis' ship stepped,  
To think that she from the  
Vaults of hell had escaped.

The inferior devils at  
The gates stood ready to  
Receive them. O happy, thrice  
Happy, Lord Loomis came.

O may his praise be  
Sung and sounded on  
The harps of heaven to  
His immortal praise.

O give me, give me  
What is sacred and true,

For heaven's sake advocate  
The laws of Jehovah.

By heaven this ship was  
Directed to save this  
Goddess from degradation,  
From the fountain of virtue.

To thee, O sacred gods,  
I avouch for this goddess,  
I know in Canton, in  
China she is worth praise.

Her cry once more is  
Raised on the tempestuous  
Sea, and there is she  
Able to converse with gods.

Her fame was known  
Among the gods of  
Honor, and among  
The inferior ones.

O ye wanderers, wanderers  
From world to world  
What strange and new  
Tales can you tell me.

O have you discovered  
Any new medicines  
That have the power to raise  
Man from the consumption?

O thou fatal disease, may  
Thy conqueror come, if it  
Is not in ten thousand  
Years. Obtain it ye gods.

O think not it is a plague  
That is sent from heaven;

Time will prove the reverse  
In all these theories.

Once a fever was thought  
To be a plague sent from  
Heaven, now it is in the  
Control of men and medicine.

O be independent, be lead  
Away by no false teaching  
If do call you, do you  
Infallibly go for truth.

I said not she was  
A goddess of medicine ;  
She never was excelled  
In the curing art.

All the angels and the  
Archangels of heaven  
Worship her, when she  
Spoke of science.

Their arms trembled, and  
From their hands they let  
Fall their harps. Not to  
Contend against her.

She for ever continued  
To carry the flag of fire  
On the mast, and made  
All the gods burn.

She, in the native land  
Could take the unknown  
Tongue, and please them  
In the song of the dames.

She wore a golden  
Bracelet, and in her ears

A diamond worth ten  
Thousand pounds sterling.

A harp never excelled by  
The Italians she carried ;  
No goddess of Greece  
Ever excelled her in beauty.

With all her accomplishments,  
Ye gods of fame, I saw  
One who to me excelled  
Even her in many points.

Of all the nations I ever  
Saw, the goddesss that  
I have just seen this  
Other goddess excelled.

O she has from the  
Fountain true beauty  
Lent the greatest dame  
Of eloquence that is known.

Next to Demosthenes and  
Cecero she was. She never  
Was excelled on the sea  
Except by fatal tempest.

She on a certain occasion  
Calmed the tempest and  
Made the gods of heaven  
Amazed at her power.

All the harps of heaven  
Stopt sounding when  
She spoke, and the wave  
Of torment at her bidding.

O Lord R. remember  
This goddess you saw

In China with me,  
And also her songs.

They thought she was mad,  
Thus in bondage they past  
Her, until her lover had  
Embarked to his destined coast.

O he does not rule as  
Cæsar of Rome, but carries  
The same name. He was not.  
Caught as the great Pope.

O would to the strength of  
Love that she may accomplish  
Her desire, and rejoice to  
See again her noble lover.

# RAYFIGHTER

ALICE B. RAYFIGHTER  
Author of "The Story of the  
Life of Alice B. Rayfighter"  
and "The Story of the Life of  
Alice B. Rayfighter"

# INFIDELITAS.

A Drama.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR BERKLEY, Governor of Virginia.

MAJOR CHURCH, the British.

PHILIP THE GREAT.

THE INFIDEL.

THE CHRISTIAN.

THE CHANCELLOR.

DUKE OF GRAFTON.

THE ARCH-CHANCELLOR.

JUDGE KING.

MARTIN.

DANIEL, the Statesman.

HURMAH OF YORK.

A SHERIFF OF YORK.

A WAUGER PASHA.

SIR CHARLES, of the West.

LORD JAMES CONDE.

BARBAMUS, from the East.

SHOEMAKER, or You Shall.

# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

SCOTLAND

IN

SEVEN VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

FROM

1625 TO 1649

AND

THE



# INFIDELITAS.

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*Arch-Chancellor.*

He into the court  
Entered so drunk  
He could not stand.  
His eloquence would  
Have made, I thought,  
The God of Thunder  
Tremble to listen to  
Him. His opposing  
Counsellors and the  
Jury trembled before  
Him. When he closed  
His argument they wept;  
You might as well  
Resist the power of heaven  
As resist weeping under  
His eloquence.

*Counsellor.*

You call me drunk,  
O you scoundrel and  
Fool, I can turn the  
Mind of a jury while  
You cannot obtain  
Attention. They are  
Disgusted with your  
Words. You call me

Drunk ; away from my  
Sight, or I will thrust  
This spear through you,  
You fool ! I know your  
Nature, and have come  
Here to speak of it.  
Last session you bore  
The fairest principles,  
So begone, or I will  
Take your heart's blood.  
You make me mad  
To see such a vicious  
Chancellor stand before  
Me, O ! I am a fool  
To contend with you.  
Begone ! or I will take  
Your heart's blood.

[*The Sheriff enters.*]

*Sheriff.*

Sir George, you are  
My prisoner.

*Sir George.*

O what have I done  
To be your prisoner.

*Sheriff.*

You have violated the  
Laws of this court.

*Hurmah.*

I have not ; he insulted  
Me to my face. I had  
A right to speak ;

The court is to blame to  
Let such a fool enter  
It. I will die before  
I will be taken prisoner.  
In his assent it was  
Not a contempt of court  
To say what you had  
A mind to such  
A fool. You repeat  
His words to me, your  
Blood ceases to flow  
Through your veins.  
The God of heaven will  
Protect me in the act.  
Look to your judge  
This moment; he  
Trembles, he did not  
Tell you to take me.  
It was that fool! By  
You stands he who  
Has made the violation  
Of the laws of this court. [Exit.

[*Duke of Grafton enters.*]

*Duke.*

Look to your country's  
Interest. Why do you stand  
Here. Your country is  
Invaded and you are  
Here listening to counsellors.  
One is a fool, and the  
Other drunk. Arouse,  
Ye noble Americans! This  
Chancellor, if he was drunk  
Relieved me from prison.  
Ah! it is time for us

To reflect    Then the Duke  
Of Grafton will weep to  
See his day is short.    O  
Weep not, says this counsellor,  
We will gain the cause if  
The last man is against  
Us.    I can sway the minds  
Of the jury and impress  
All the characters that  
Cheered.    The Duke will  
Have revenge if the  
God's are willing.  
I can fight against  
Them as well as Satan  
And offer him the same  
Temptations ; if he refuse  
That is all I can  
Go where infidels  
Say there are some chosen  
And some are not,  
Some are closed and  
Some are free till the  
Judgment day.    This  
Reasoning pleased the  
Duke.    He thought he had  
Found a counsellor to plead  
His cause.

*The Infidel.*

For a moment listen  
To reason, let reason  
Be your guide and  
Stop your quarreling  
If you have told the  
Truth ; do not be offended,  
He did not tell the  
Truth, he did not.

He said I was drunk ;  
I was not, you were.  
I say by the Gods I  
Was not drunk.  
Oh your swearing will  
Not make any one  
Believe you.  
Call on your religion  
Will not, call on  
All your theologian  
You may. Law is  
My profession.

*The Priest enters.*

By what power does  
Jesus Christ save  
Man, did you ask ?

*Infidel.*

Yes ; I wish to know  
Whether one man can  
Save another through  
All eternity. If  
That is the case, I  
Am safe.

*Priest.*

O you poor fool !  
Call Jesus Christ a  
Man ? And think  
That man can forgive  
Sins. Jesus Christ  
Is God and God is  
Christ, and there  
Are three in one  
And one in three.

*Infidel.*

Do you deny the  
Saviour and the holy

Bible, and say that  
Jesus Christ was  
Not born of a woman ?

*Priest.*

I do not deny the  
Bible, nor that Jesus  
Christ was born of  
The Virgin Mary.  
But I do say, that  
Power that sent Jesus  
Into the world created  
All things. He has the  
Power to do what he please.

*Infidel.*

Why did he not save Jesus.

*Priest.*

The world would not repent.

*Infidel.*

He first created them,  
They cannot be independent ;  
There is nothing that can  
Be independent without  
It is a self created.

*Priest.*

Man was made a  
Free agent by repentance.

*Infidel.*

And where ?

*Priest.*

In heaven saved from hell.

*Infidel.*

What is there saved ?

*Priest.*

His spirit.

*Infidel.*

How do you know  
That he has a spirit ?

*Priest.*

The word of God is  
Our testimony.

*Infidel.*

Ah ! that is enough.

*Priest.*

O it is better for man  
To rest on that, the  
Word of God, than to  
Be turning from one  
Doctrine to another, by  
The influence of infidels.

*Philip enters.*

Stop this, or I will  
Make you all corpses.

*Priest.*

For heaven do not say  
Thus, there is a just  
God that presides over us.

*Philip.*

Why is it that you  
Have been contradicting  
With that infidel.  
If he is just he would  
Have ended your days.

*Priest.*

To convince him of

The truth. and make  
Him serve God.

*Philip.*

You poor fool. Do  
You say that you  
Know what the will  
Of God is.

*Priest.*

Yes, I know what  
The will of God is.

*Philip.*

You are insane. Get  
From my room, or I  
Will run you through  
With my dagger.

*Priest.*

Then rest and weep  
O thou poor fool.  
Poor infidel will  
Be damned.

*Sir Berkley.*

I rejoice that there  
Is no fewer schools  
In America. It is  
That more knowledge  
That is what he  
Added torment, peril,  
War and pestilence,  
The cause of ruin of  
Empires, without that man  
Would be happy. He  
Would be as the God  
Of nature found him.  
As he was made



Happy ; by knowledge  
He becomes miserable.  
O for heavens sake shut  
Up the School houses.

*Daniel the Great.*

Let it come, let all the  
Whole come. We cannot  
Have knowledge without  
War and pestilence, and  
The falling of Empires  
I say give me knowledge  
I had rather fall by that  
Means than die in a  
Barbarous nation. It is  
By wisdom that man  
Escapes the power of the God  
Of superstition.  
The cause of the fall of  
Empires is superstition.  
O keep from this nation  
All false doctrines  
And idolatrous works.  
O let your fairest  
Goddesses of York come.

*Hurmah. ;*

What is your wish  
My noble Lord;  
If it is in my power  
I will grant it all,  
Though you are not  
My lover, but would  
Be pleased to be your  
Servant. A man of  
Your wealth and wisdom,  
Kings would be your  
Servants. If they could

They would die with your  
Fame. What do you wish.

*Daniel.*

A song or a piece played  
On the piano.

*Hurmah.*

I cannot sing or play.  
If you wish to sport  
At games, or in the giddy  
Dance I will accompany  
You.

*Daniel.*

That is too much like  
Work. I cannot believe.  
We will play a game  
Of whist.

*Hurmah.*

I should be very happy  
My noble Lord.

*Philip.*

The night was spent  
In drinking wine and  
Playing whist. A happy  
Night for him and  
That fair goddess,

*Daniel.*

O sing me my fairest  
Tune.

*Hurmah.*

I told you I could  
Not sing well.

*Daniel.*

I heard you sing

In Paris, Hurmah,  
Sing to please the noble  
Lords after they had  
Drank twelve cups of  
Wine and played as many  
Games of whist.

*Hurmah.*

She sung. He spoke  
With surprise in the  
Midst of the tune,  
O that is better than  
I heard in Paris. The  
Words that pleased the  
Noble Lords were, "O  
May America always  
Be free, never invaded  
Or conquered by any  
Foreign foe."

*Major Church,*

You wish that America  
May always be free.  
She ought to be under  
The British tyrant  
And her inhabitants be  
In chains.

*Martin.*

That is right, we have  
Got past protection.

*Major Church.*

They need no more  
Protection. They were  
Protected before they left  
Britain.

*Daniel.*

Come look. It would

Be like going for heaven  
To the vaults of Tartarius,  
Where there is no just  
Laws or virtue.  
Ask America to come  
Back to hellish Britain.  
I should like to see  
Your blood taken from  
Your heart. For heaven's  
Sake and mine vanish  
From my sight.

*Priest.*

We have the word of God  
For it. That is enough to  
Satisfy any man of reason.  
O for heaven's sake never  
Let me hear you speak  
On the subject again.

*King.*

If the ladies did pay  
The General's fine, it is  
No reason that he should  
Die in prison.

*Pacha.*

You ought to have been  
Hung. You deserve not  
The name of American.  
Go to Britain, you rebel  
You ; call thyself a judge !  
Judge of what ? not of  
Law and Justice. If you  
Had been, he would never  
Have put you in prison.  
You were a coward and knew  
Not what to do. You wished  
To please Britons

And Americans ; you knew not  
Into whose hands you  
Might fall. Poor man !

*Sir Charles.*

I saw her on the distant  
Heath weeping, and beneath  
Her feet run the sparkling  
Water. She wept to see  
Her lover fall. He fell in  
Battle. She was not able  
To carry out his desire,  
She was weak, she could  
Not wield the battle axe.  
When she spoke she made  
The whole house weep. They  
Wept for her lover who  
Had fallen in battle.  
She fell beside his grave ;  
Her father covered both and  
Wept and smothered the  
Green sod that over them lay.

*James, (weeping.)*

I thought you was too  
Pleased to weep alone.

*Charles.*

I am voluntarily. I  
Cannot help it, they  
Were my nearest friends ;  
To see him fall and she by  
His side buried beneath  
The green sod, O I could  
Not but weep ; I wept  
For their misfortune to  
See them fall in youth.  
O let us die, die happy,

Think no more of them ;  
As long as we think  
Of them we shall weep,  
While we weep we shall  
Be in torment. O let us  
Go to sleep, and sleep  
Until the trump is  
Sounded. O rejoice while  
Ye can, you know  
How long you may  
Have pleasure. The happiest  
Hours man has, are  
Taking the benefit of  
His labor.

*Daniel,*

Where is your goddess.

*Hurmah.*

Here I am at your  
Service. What's your wish.

*Daniel.*

Will you walk with me.

*Hurmah.*

I should be very happy  
To leave thy mansion, and  
Ramble for a time, to  
Stand and trace the revolution  
Of the planets and study  
Mineralogy. Then return  
Home much amused.

*Daniel,*

Why is it that you are  
So dull this eve. No song  
Falls from your lips ;  
Your eye looks dull, you

Look sad. Do you think  
You are forsaken.

*Hurmah.*

By every one but you.

*Daniel.*

Your health is as good  
As it was formerly.  
Drink wine—one cup  
Of wine will make  
You feel strong and  
Merry.

*Hurmah.*

No I cannot sing. I  
Have seven tongues where  
I had one before.

*Daniel.*

I should think that  
You might sing a  
Little.

*Hurmah.*

I have drank too much.

*Daniel.*

I think we both have.  
Bring me the steeds,  
I think we had better  
Ride

*James.*

He had gone but a short  
Distance when he was  
Slain by her former lover,  
His steed was taken, and  
She with him went, because  
She could not help herself ;  
In less than forty-eight hours

She was a corpse. He had  
His revenge.

*Pacha.*

Why do you not come ?

*Henry.*

Have you not sent a traitor.  
O I had rather have a  
Spartan woman than he.

*Pacha.*

O say she is a slave, and  
Her lover too. Come,  
I command you by the  
Powers, buckle or die.  
Arm yourself well ;  
Prepare to fight with the  
Devils in hell. For  
Who slew this godddess is a devil.

*Infidel.*

You say he is a devil.  
How do you know, you brute ?

*Pacha.*

He had a devilish desposition.

*Infidel.*

Judge by his foot.

*Priest.*

O you poor fool that is  
A figurative expression.

*Pacha.*

Why do you stand idle,  
We must go. I am afraid  
We are too late.

*Shoemaker.*

I know that it has cost



Him fifty pounds this  
Year to keep her in shoes.

*Pacha.*

He is gone too.

*Shoemaker.*

He is out of trouble.

*Pacha.*

He may be in other  
Worse than this world's.

*Shoemaker.*

Where can that be.

*Pacha.*

In hell.

*Shoemaker.*

In hell ? What has he  
Done to carry him there ?

*Priest.*

He has not kept the laws  
Of God.

*Pacha.*

If he knew not the law.

*Priest.*

He might have.

*Pacha. :*

Let us have Berkeley  
Executed. Fetch him,  
Lash him to a post,  
Take this knife and  
Open his throax, and take  
His heart, throw it on  
The fire, and let it

Broil until all the  
Filth is gone, and then  
Throw it to the wolves.  
Burn his body to ashes  
And then bury them.

# MARCO BOZZARIS.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ulysses, *robed in state.*

Sas, *a Sea Captain.*

Basina, *wife of Ali Pacha.*

Mahomet Jarep, *Turkish Consul.*

Col. Stanhope, *Creditor.*

National, *Counsellor.*

Epidurus, *Lawgiver.*

Count Sauta Cora.

Emperor Joseph.

Busian Corwa.

Mivouli, *a prisoner, an Infidel.*

Lord Russ, *a Philosopher.*



## MARCO BOZZARIS.

*Lord Russ.*

O may the glittering  
Diamonds that Socrates  
And Aristotle wore be  
Changed and serve as the  
Vital principle for the  
Modern Philosophers.  
O the glittering cliff I this  
Night will stand on, and  
It has been a bed for the  
Rolling waves, and it may be  
Again ; and glass turned  
Into bread for the slaves,  
This has been done by the  
Power of man. But fools  
Would scorn if I should  
Tell them so. A serpent  
Can be made your friend, and  
A stone be made your bread.  
It is joy to change earth into  
Bones, or meat into blood, or  
Infidels into Christians.  
The latter is as essential as  
The first. If I were Ocellus,  
Lucianus, Pythagorus, or  
Acschinus I might reason  
With you till morn.  
O relieve me from the  
Midnight threats of the counsellor,

And the horror of the austere  
 Lawyer, or the dagger of the  
 Philosopher, who makes it  
 His business to drag lightening  
 From heaven to earth.  
 O see the electricity thrown,  
 Ascends the golden chain.  
 See some fierce warrior  
 With his arms extended,  
 His eyes of fire turned towards  
 His unrevenged God, and his  
 Feet resting on the quivering  
 Fairy steed as he groans  
 Beneath him. Both cry  
 For help. O you could hear  
 The groans and his teeth grate  
 When he was fifty feet beneath  
 The rolling waves, and you  
 Could see his breath curl in  
 The air. Well a king might  
 Fall on his face and blush  
 When an angel with a  
 Sword in his hand teaching  
 Him how and where to drive  
 His ass ; much more to hear  
 And rehearse such eloquence  
 After such lightening, or Josiah  
 Dethroning idols, or Pharoah  
 Bathing in the Red Sea.

*Sas, sea captain.*

It was not my fortune  
 To be a Rhonus of  
 Crete. I am free.  
 O may a choir of Gods  
 Sing your praise and, and  
 Venus and Minerva

Sound the harp.  
 O Look above all  
 Interest and give  
 Adoration to the holy  
 God. O may the  
 Holy Spirit of Gregory and the  
 Songs of Solomon arouse  
 You from solitude and  
 Stupor. O the holy and  
 Mighty John Chrostom  
 Whose arm cannot be  
 Waved by all the infidels  
 Combined. His power  
 Is mighty.

*Mahomet.*

I am not Democritus  
 Or Lucyppus, yet I  
 Am not a Plato or  
 A Bassil. Yet Gregory's  
 Doctrines may be true  
 As Plato's. Yet I am  
 Not tired of banishment.  
 No, a descendant of the  
 Pythagorian school. No  
 A flower of all the  
 Sophistry of the modern  
 Philosophers. Reason  
 In preference to fiction,  
 But fiction does raise  
 Principles for philosophers  
 To labor on, or turn  
 Into poets and before  
 The public stand what  
 The world call fools!  
 Nor can I believe in the  
 Heractitian sect.  
 All philosophers and poets

Will advance their sentiments  
Condemned by some and  
Honored by others. The  
Epicurean and Electric sect  
Have obtained many disciples  
As well as the sophists of  
Athens, as Gorgius and  
Prodigius, whose glory was  
To make the worst appear the best.

*Sqs.*

Would to God I had the  
Power to vie with the  
Heraclitus sects, and  
Epicurus for a companion.  
I had rather be left in  
The dark than to have my  
Eyes put out. I know not  
What way to turn until the  
Black veil is raised and  
The mighty tempest ceases  
And the thunder stop its rolling,  
And the fire of seas from gleaming  
On the golden heavens.  
O I am like the rolling sea.  
The Ionic sect and Socrates and  
Solons disciples are at the present  
Times looked upon as men  
Not as gods. Sages ought to write  
For the public good and purify  
The corrupted fountains and be  
As virtuous as Franceas. She  
Has a twinkling eye, a double chin,  
A Chinese form and  
Complexion and resembled an  
Aboriginal in gesture and in  
Manners. She could sing her



Forest song when her red lover  
 Returned, and after wiping a  
 Lovely tear from her eye,  
 And her blooming cheeks,  
 If one knew her not they  
 Might weep with her.  
 If they did they would as  
 Soon weep for the fall of devils.  
 He rejoiced when he heard of  
 Her death.

*Lord Russ.*

O suæ implacables Deus.

*Enter Marco Bozzaris and Ulysses.*

*Ulysses.*

O if I had been born an  
 Epicurus or an Aristotle  
 I should be an Ulyssus yet.  
 I cannot go with Democritus,  
 If all natures have souls  
 What proof have we of it, unless  
 Life is the soul? If we believe  
 With Plato, how can he  
 Sceptics. Epicurus was a great  
 Philosopher. All men are  
 Liable to errors; some do knowingly  
 Not say Plato was perfect.  
 He whose writings are distorted by  
 The public is a great slave.  
 Ye who wield pens advance  
 Your own ideas, mind not corrupt  
 Morals. for virtue is what behoves  
 Every nation. O what can be  
 Worse than to see your friend  
 Betray you.

*Marco Bozzaris.*

Arouse, Ulysses! you have been

Wasted on the rolling waves of  
 Copas, and seen the Athenian  
 Classic Halls and stood on the  
 Cliffs of Lepanto. We have not  
 The heros of the Theban War ;  
 Castor nor Pollox is not here,  
 We must fight our own battles  
 If the infernals face us.  
 O what have you seen. What  
 Makes your countenance fade ?  
 Does not the heavens look as  
 Fair to you as ever ? Has your  
 Wine been tinctured with wrath.  
 No one but the gods know  
 My destiny.

*Basilica.*

Lord Auplanus was given  
 To Gorgick of Tripolozza  
 When his majesty honored  
 The sacred streets of old  
 Constantinople with his form.  
 O Bozzaris's arm is almost  
 Disarmed, but yet it wields  
 The glittering spear ; his eyes  
 Sparkle with ambition to see  
 His foes fall lifeless at his  
 Feet. O it is just and right,  
 O my Bozzaris, live till Greece  
 Be free. O will lovely  
 Greece ever forget Bazzaris.  
 Why cannot his name be  
 As immortal as Epamanondas.

*Anchises.*

Some godlike Demosthenes stand  
 On Neptune's purple floor.  
 O ye fickle Athenians. O why

Could you not let this isle  
Remain in peace. At least  
They thought they were in pursuit  
Of the Golden Purse while they  
Were after some noble God of  
Eloquence.

*Ulysses.*

How long the Turk ravished  
This holy land. Is not  
Bozzaris able to hurl the  
Thunderbolt of death. Why are  
You slumbering. You are praying  
For freedom and encouraging slavery.  
Gold at your command and  
Also men. My heart and hand  
And wealth are to Bozzaris to  
Command. In the last battle  
The heavens rejoiced and smiled  
On him. He had not the  
Blood of Ajax nor the power  
Of Jove. All moved harmoniously  
Until he received the fatal blow.  
He saw the fiery steeds of his foes  
Quiver beneath his feet as he  
Was gasping. Brave as the  
Immortal Nelson: The victor  
is yet moving his council.  
Bozzaris had seen the ruins of  
Fallen Troy. His foes before,  
Him would appear in council.

*Marco Bozzaris.*

Ephesus halls may crumble and  
Alexander has wept. Greece  
Has been afflicted, but affliction.  
She has survived until death.  
The war songs of the Greeks are

Sounding in my ears.  
 Let the bolts be turned and  
 There remained. And here I offer  
 A libation of my blood that  
 Greece may be free!  
 The world knows my arm is  
 Not like Hector's in war—but  
 Weak as I am I scorn to yield  
 So let me die in the battle field.

*Masuli.*

Your time has come your  
 Force has reached the summit,  
 Your power is not of earth,  
 It is not sufficient to conquer  
 All. It is better for you to  
 Relinquish your soldiers and retire  
 In peace. If it is possible for  
 You to achieve your desire  
 You might as well endeavor to  
 Conquer the world or quench  
 The fires of hell.

*Bozzaris.*

That is what I intend. Then  
 We shall have peace on earth.

*Musuli.*

How can you speak such  
 Things to me. You talk of  
 Conquering. This does not become  
 You, Bozzaris, to speak thus of  
 Your power. Look back; see  
 What you sprung from.

*Bozzaris.*

Right for christians to save infidels?  
 As well might angels serve  
 Devils.

*Maculi.*

Dare you call us devils.

*Bozzarus.*

I do, so do all the world,  
And all the world rejoice to  
See soldiers fall, and you with  
Them, so far that your clothing  
Armour could only be heard  
As you are rolling down on  
The path to the lowest hell.

*Emperor Joseph.*

O those walls look horrible  
Stained with Athenian's blood.  
O curse the hand that caused  
It. O have we offended him.  
O Deus! why do you suffer the  
Reeking hands of infidels  
To scatter the sacred Athenians  
Broad on those marble walks.  
O this is nothing, for what  
Has past or might be.  
A christian's heart for meat  
And blood were made  
Instead of bytes to draw  
Their golden chariots.  
He who will endure this.

*Busiona.*

There is a period when all  
Nations think they ought to have  
The work to control, add fools  
Oft think themselves sages  
And assume the throne.  
Some degrade themselves  
Beneath a brute and act as  
A human being; no harm

In it if they do not  
 Deceive. At as fair as she  
 For she knows no better.  
 Ah! Cranins are there, thy  
 Form and beautiful features,  
 Thy black eyes, and neck  
 Decked with gold. She has  
 Found her lover.

*Joseph.*

Was this not her husband.

*Buson Casera.*

Yes, I thought it might be,  
 But I cannot say that  
 She was drunk and her  
 Husband too. Most of those  
 That love are apt to fall into  
 The connubial bonds.  
 This was the case with this  
 Goddess. She is from the  
 Royal family. If the blood is  
 Perfect, and I think there can  
 Be no improvement. I think  
 The French are in preference  
 To the Highland Scotch or the  
 Lowland English. There is  
 None so fair as the rosy  
 Italian dame. Some have  
 Desired a war and some  
 Peace. But a man like me  
 Could not love war.

*Epidurus.*

Who can complain, when  
 All act as the great cause  
 Desires us. It is out of the  
 Power of mortal God's power

To define. This is the rock  
I built my fabric on,  
And the ruins cannot destroy it  
If nature has made many  
Black, you ought not to speak  
Thus of her. Consider what she  
Is. She was nourished on the  
Graft of France. It makes  
Me shudder to see fools and  
Black dames imposed upon.  
If her lover left her weeping  
He ought to suffer.

*Stanhope.*

My breast is open. See the  
Scars where the sceptre has  
Entered. You must not  
Speak thus of her. If her  
Lover did save her life.

*Epidurus.*

She is gone, I know not where,  
I don't care.

*Stanhope.*

O heaven, how can you  
Speak thus. It cannot be possible that  
She is burning. If that is  
So his eyes must snap.

*Joseph.*

She is gone, let us sing the  
Funeral song, so solemn.

O Mary we have  
Craved to fall  
Before thee as a  
Sacred goddess.

O shall justice  
Perish for impiety  
O to God that you  
Were born immortal.

O Deus. on us does  
Look with revenge,  
But we must sing  
Your funeral song.

O those sparkling  
Eyes and lovely lips,  
That blooming breast  
Have waged eternal war.

O your lover has  
Stemmed the rapid  
Tide. Your hand  
Was linked with treachery.

O may peace on you  
Rest and wrath be  
Quenched, and be safe  
You fair dame.

O close thy once  
Sparkling eyes beneath  
Gold, and sleep sweetly  
Until the trumpet sounds.

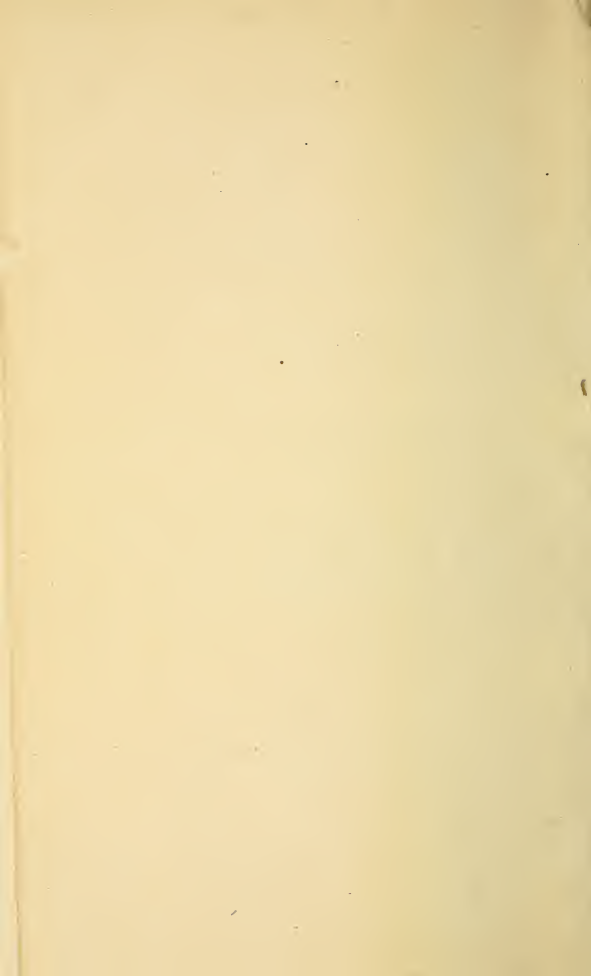
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